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No Clew to Missing Postmaster; Rumored Shortage May Reach $600

Inspector Trying to Unravel Tangled Accounts.

COBLE WAS EASY MARK

Man who Skipped out from Pleasant Gap had been Traveling with Fast Crowd—Admitted Lock Haven Women Played Him for a Sucker.

No clew has been obtained as to the whereabouts of George B. Coble, the Pleasant Gap postmaster who skipped out last week. Postal Inspector Daly, of Williamsport, has been at work for some time trying to unravel Coble's office accounts but has by no means finished the task. Until he does it will not be known how much Coble is actually short and what is the amount of the alleged shortage. Common rumor places the shortage at anywhere from $500 to $600. The shortage in his stamps account alone, is $180.

Inspector Daly spent several days going over Coble's accounts at the Pleasant Gap office and then shifted his operations to Washington, D. C., to examine various duplicate receipts. He returned to Pleasant Gap yesterday. Just how long it will take him to finish unraveling the tangle is not known. Meanwhile various lines are being followed looking to Coble's apprehension.

On the day before he mysteriously disappeared, it has been learned, Coble sent $433 to the Tyrone postoffice on money order accounts. The Tyrone postoffice is a depository for the Pleasant Gap office. Since Postal Inspector Daly has been working on Coble's accounts he has sent to the Tyrone office $140 on money order accounts.

There was some talk that the Pleasant Gap postoffice might be abolished and patrons of that section served by rural carriers, but now it seems to be understood that the office will be continued as usual. Charles K. Stitzer has been placed in charge of the office. He was one of those who passed the civil service examination for it when Coble was appointed.

Coble's downfall is attributed by some to his traveling with a fast crowd. He was daffy regarding the girls, and those inclined to be speedy jollied him out of some of his money, at least. Several are known to have made a "mark" of Coble, touching him for frequent loans of $5 and $10. Some of Coble's money went to Lock Haven women, one of the number taking him over for various amounts, according to his own admissions a short time before he skipped out.

Coble became enamored of a woman of shady character in Lock Haven and visited that place to see her on a number of occasions. Just how much the young man squandered on the woman on these visits is not known but, unquestionably she discovered that Coble was "easy picking", as was revealed by later developments. The story came from Coble's own lips

Shortly after returning to Pleasant [illegible] of his visits to see the [illegible]oman, Coble received a [illegible] in which she jollied him [illegible] that she was getting her [illegible]rn over a new leaf [illegible]nd of life. To this [illegible]ited to clean up [illegible]ould appreciate [illegible] Coble raved to [illegible]ty of the woman [illegible]her expressions [illegible] him. While in [illegible]mind he sent her [illegible]g after parting with the [illegible]le again went to Lock Haven. He really thought the woman would repay the $5 without any suggestion from him. On arriving at Lock Haven he started to walk down the street and had gone but a short distance when he met face to face the owner of his $5 and numerous other contributions.

Apparently the Lock Haven woman had taken Coble's measure and knew just how to work him. She greeted him effusively and together they started on a stroll down the street. They had not gone far when the woman professed to be greatly worried, finally and with seeming reluctance explaining that she [illegible]d a certain business place a small [illegible] of money. Coble's tender heart, or [illegible]nity—and later his pocket book—[illegible]uched. Steering Coble to the business place where she said she owed a little bill, the woman told him to wait outside while she went in and learned exact amount. Coble waited. The [illegible]on reappeared and with a few [illegible]l tears explained to Coble that [illegible]s larger than she had supposed [illegible]t she didn't know what in the world she would ever do. Coble's sympathies were touched to the quick.

"Never mind, never mind", he said encouragingly, "I'll go in with you and maybe they will cut the bill down a little."

"That would never, never do", simpered the woman who was angling for Coble's $10. "It wouldn't look right for you to go in with me."

Coble swallowed the story and digging down in his jeans he produced $10. Handing this to the woman he said:

"You go in and pay the bill and I'll wait for you out here,"

Taking Coble's $10 the woman stepped briskly into the business place. Coble waited patiently for her in the street. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed, and Coble concluded she must be having all kinds of annoyance settling the bill. However, his patience was by no means exhausted, and he waited perhaps a half hour longer. Then he boldly entered the business place and not seeing the woman anywhere he asked what had become of her. The clerk unconsciously jolted Coble nearly off his feet.

"That woman", breezily replied the clerk, "Oh she went out the back door nearly an hour ago."

Suddenly a great light dawned upon Coble He had been taken in for a sucker. The Lock Haven woman had played him to what she had figured would be his limit.

Coble, wiser from experience, returned to Pleasant Gap. After pondering over matters the humor of his recent trip appealed to him and he concluded it would be a capital idea to write a story of his experiences and send it off to some magazine. No sooner said than done. Coble had a passion for writing and it was no time at all until he had finished the article. He gave it as a title: "Taking in a Sucker."

Coble was at a loss as to how to properly handle the article. He turned it over to a friend at Pleasant Gap for editing, and taking a slip from another friend he enclosed return postage when the article relating his own experiences, but using other names, was mailed to a magazine in one of the eastern cities. While the postal inspector was engaged last week in going over Coble's accounts a big, bulky letter addressed to Coble himself was received. It proved to be the manuscript of his article. Some heartless publisher had returned it, possibly considering the story as impossible in this day and generation.

Pleasant Sledding Party.

A sled load of jolly young folks from Clarence last Thursday evening enjoyed a ride to Karthaus, where a delicious hot chicken supper awaited them. They returned just in time for the boys to go to work. The sled was conducted by Messrs. A. Rushnak and H. Brooks. In the party were Misses Susie Rushnak, Anna Brooks, Fannie Brooks, Marie and Mildred Whiteman, Esther and Ruth Cypherts, Valera and Edna Oswalt and Margaret and Emma Shive, also Messrs. Francis McGowan, George Shive, Steve Rushnak, Andy Rushnak, Harry Brooks, Harry Etters, Joseph Dillon, Bob Shields, William J. McHenry and Earl Dugan. All had a most enjoyable time. The driver was so busy looking at the girls that the sled upset between Pine Glen and Karthaus, but fortunately no one was injured. In the mix-up Anna Brooks lost her bracelet and although all hands made a search it could not be found. Next time this crowd goes out for a sled ride the girls had better leave their jewelry at home, or else see to it that the driver keeps looking ahead. However, Anna is a jolly girl and refused to allow the loss of the bracelet to spoil her evening of fun. After the sled arrived at Clarence Harry and Joe went to Snow Shoe, where there must have been some attraction, for when they got home breakfast was over.

Cashier of Snow Shoe Bank.

Lloyd McDowell, at present identified with the Clearfield Trust Co., formerly with the Farmers and Traders Bank, of Clearfield, has been chosen cashier of the new Snow Shoe Bank, which will open for business in February.

About 1,000 Deer Killed.

About 1,000 deer were killed in Pennsylvania during the recent season, according to officials of the State Game Commission, at Harrisburg. Unofficial statements given wide publication in city newspapers had placed the number at 10,000.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Bellefonte Public Schools.

At the regular monthly meeting of the School Board held on Monday evening, January 4th, Dr. M. J. Locke was again unanimously chosen President of the Board, and Mrs. Charles Gilmour was accorded the same honor for Vice President. The other officers are: Mrs. M. E. Brouse, Secretary, and Charles F. Cook, Treasurer. These latter officers, according to the School Code, are chosen the first Monday in July of each year.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the medical inspection which was conducted by the State Department of Health during the latter part of March, 1914, to indicate whether or not such examination has given the results that might reasonably be expected. In order to ascertain exactly what has been done, a personal follow-up campaign was conducted by the teachers during the month of November. Each pupil who had been examined last spring was personally interviewed and questioned as to what had been done to carry out the recommendations of the Department. The following record will show the conditions as reported:

Number pupils examined, March 14	689
Number checked up, Nov. 1914	560
Number who did nothing	252
Number teeth defects, March 1914	577
Number who have gone to dentists	230
Number eye defects, March 1914	264
Number having eyes examined	50
Number who have purchased glasses	15
Number tonsil defects, March 1914	217
Number tonsils treated	10
Number ear defects, March 1914	8
Number treated	2

It will be noted that about 55% of the pupils in school now, who were examined last March, have been given some professional attention in one form or another.

A High School Chorus of twenty-five voices has recently been organized under the leadership of Mr. Bennett. This association is the fifth body that is giving expression to what may be called the extra-school activities of the High School. Miss Bear is again preparing a caste to present a comedy entitled, "Strongheart", which is full of action and whose setting carries a local color. The same standard of amateur dramatics as has been maintained in the past will be shown this year. The orchestra is practicing regularly under the instruction of Mr. Weik, and is serving the community on many occasions. The basket ball teams—for there are two teams, a girls' and a boys'—are rapidly rounding into good form, and have a fine schedule of games. The first game to be played will be with the Lock Haven Normal School girls' team. Mr. Gilligan is coaching these teams. All of these organizations in the school are active and are giving a tone to the system that could not be secured by books alone.

On account of a number of highly favorable educational press notices of the recent Annual Report of the Bellefonte Schools, a large number of requests have come for a copy of this pamphlet from superintendents of schools and college professors of education. A number of schools of education have asked for copies to use in their classes in school administration. It will be very gratifying to know that Bellefonte's reputation, educationally, is reaching the outside world, and is being rated on a par with other qualiteis for which she is famed.

A recent adaptation of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" for school children has been given to the pupils in Fifth Grade as supplementary reading. This is regarded as one of the strongest pieces of imaginative writing for children that has been produced during the last ten years. The charm and mystery of the characters are well shown in the faces of the pupils as they revel in the symbolism of the story.

The Victrolas recently purchased are in great demand in the schools. With these machines the best selections of folk songs, plays, skips, and folk dances are being taught the children in the primary department, while in the upper grades gems of the world's best music are given either on solo instruments or in combinations. The pupils in the German department of the High School are hearing the best German singers of the day, and are learning about the standard operas and oratorios.

A survey of the scholastic preparation of the twenty two teachers employed at present shows that they have been in attendance at the following well known institutions, ranging in time from a single summer session to a regular four years collegiate course:

Albright College
Augustana College
Columbia University
Cornell University
Dickinson College
Harvard University
Maryland College for Women
Northwestern University
Pennsylvania State College
Pratt Institute
Simmons College
The Sorbonne, Paris
University of Chicago
University of Pennsylvania
Wellesley College
Williamson Trade School
Philadelphia Business College
Lock Haven Normal School
Millersville Normal School
Westchester Normal School

It will be observed that the Board of Directors is giving to the community an array of talent that is hard to match in a town of the size of Bellefonte

All of the teachers have again become members of the Pennsylvania State Educational Association.

CANDIDATES LOOM UP

Political Gossip Includes Number of Names for County Offices

Gossip in political circles in the last few days included mention of a number of prospective candidates for county offices. George Holt, of Union township, is said to be a likely aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff. James Weaver, of near Aaronsburg, is spoken of as an available candidate for one of the two Republican nominations for County Commissioner. George Keller, of Houserville, is another mentioned for County Commissioner on the Republican ticket. Some friends of Winfield C. Thompson, of below Howard, have suggested his name for Republican nomination for Prothonotary. William H. Brown, of Bellefonte, is spoken of as likely to come out for the Republican nomination for Recorder. Many friends of Robert B. Bennison, of Marion township, have been suggesting that he enter the field for a place on the Republican ticket.

Numerous prospective candidates are holding up formal announcement pending some definite word from Harrisburg as to whether any change is to be made in the time for holding the primaries. "The Republican" is making inquiry into the matter and hopes to be able to give some information regarding it in the near future.

Has Freed 1674 Convicts.

During his term as Governor of South Carolina, Governor Blease has freed 1674 convicts, according to available records. His record for pardons is without a parallel. He retires as Governor next Tuesday.

Services at Axe Mann.

There will be preaching services at the Axe Mann M. E. church next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock, instead of evening, on account of special services at the Pleasant Gap M. E. church.

D. J. FRUM, Pastor.

FILED LICENSE BRIEF

Judge Orvis Takes Papers Against Renewals Pending Decision.

J. Kennedy Johnston, counsel for those remonstrating against granting renewals of liquor licenses in Bellefonte, Philipsburg and Centre Hall boroughs, this week filed with Judge Orvis a brief setting forth reasons why these three towns should go "dry." Judge Orvis accepted the brief but made no comment as to when he might hand down his license decisions.

Just what was set forth by Mr. Johnston in his brief, to sustain the contention of remonstrants that licenses are not necessary in the three boroughs in question, was not revealed in the court room. While the paper remains in the hands of Judge Orvis, it was said, it should be treated as a private document. It is assumed that when the license decisions are handed down, the character of Mr. Johnston's brief will be discussed and thereby made known.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Minnie Poorman, Bellefonte; Frank Miller, Bellefonte; Mrs. Cora Ammerman, Martha; Mrs. Carrie Gummo, State College; Miss Lydia Parsons, State College.

Operative patients—Harry Sauers, State College; Mrs. Sarah Schaeffer, Centre Hall; Stanley Valentine, Bellefonte; Grant Dyke, Milesburg; Reuben Etters, Snow Shoe; Mrs. Ruth Parsons, State College.

Discharged—Frank Stevenson, Waddle.

Examine Your Label.

Corrections have been made this week in our mailing list for all subscription payments to date. Kindly examine your label and note whether proper correction has been made for your payment. If not, kindly advise this office and the matter will be adjusted cheerfully.

LIST OF JURORS.

The following persons have been drawn to serve as jurors at the next term of court, beginning Monday, February 22nd, 1915:

Grand Jurors.

Edward Allison, farmer.....Potter
T. M. Barnhart, fireman.....Spring
T. H. Bitner, painter.....Potter
Ellis Bierly, mechanic.....Boggs
Theodore Boal, architect.....Harris
I. C. Corman, laborer.....College
John Diehl, clerk.....Howard boro
John H. Day, farmer.....Miles
J. L. Dunlap, carpenter.....Bellefonte
Edward Flick, farmer.....Union
W. A. Hoy, drayman....State College
Geo. W. Harter, farmer.....Marion
J. B. Hoffman, justice..S. Philipsb'g
W. C. Krader, merchant.....Penn
Cornelius Musser, gent...State College
Jacob McCool, farmer.....Gregg
Solomon Peck, merchant.....Walker
Charles Reese, farmer.....Taylor
H. D. Rumberger, clerk....Philipsburg
W. J. Smith, lumberman.....Haines
Edward Shivery, farmer.....Taylor
John C. Slacker, farmer.....Boggs
Fred F. Smith, farmer.....Rush
Walter Weaver, farmer.....Spring

Traverse Jurors—First Week.

Joseph Apt, Sr. laborer.....Bellefonte
R A. Beck, barber.....Bellefonte
W. B. Brown, druggist...Philipsburg
Henry Barger, laborer.Snow Shoe twp
J. W. Batchelor, carpenter.Philipsburg
Frank Bradford, agent...Centre Hall
J. F. Condo, agent.....Howard boro
R. P. Confer, farmer....Howard twp
Leonard Confer, laborer..Howard twp
James C. Curtin, clerk.....Bellefonte
Alfred Durst, farmer.....Centre Hall
William Deitz, farmer....Howard twp
Jerry Farber, laborer.....Philipsburg
John Frank, Jr., miner.....Rush
William Gehret, laborer....Bellefonte
R. D. Gilliland, druggist.State College
F. E. Gutelius, dentist.....Millheim
J. B. Haberling, merchant..St. College
Robt Haynes, laborer..Snow Shoe twp
John Moore, butcher.....Philipsburg
Daniel Martin, conductor.....Spring
Lloyd M'Closkey, miner, Sn. Shoe twp
Grover C. McAuley, farmer...Walker
Thos. G. McCauslin, jeweler, Philipsb'g
Henry Noll, laborer.....Spring
W. K. Osman, paperhanger.St. College
Wm. Odenkirk, merchant..Centre Hall
C. W. Pennington, baker..St. College
Geo. Ricketts, innkeeper.....Rush
J. F. Rishel, farmer.....Penn
G. W. Reese, clerk.....Bellefonte
A. C. Sharrer, laborer.....Taylor
Sol. Schmidt, clerk.....Philipsburg
Daniel Sullenberger, farmer...Liberty
Frank Shugert, foreman....Bellefonte
D. L. Welsh, blacksmith..Howard boro
A. W. Woodring, farmer.....Worth
George Williams, gent.....College
Geo. Witherite, lab'rer.Snow Shoe twp
A. P. Zerby, gent.....Bellefonte

Traverse Jurors—Second Week.

U. G. Auman, dealer.....Penn
O. J. Auman, farmer.....Penn
Willis E. Breon, sawyer.....Gregg
J. R. Brickley, farmer.....Curtin
G. M. Cooney, laborer.....Potter
H. S. Delong, gentleman.....Curtin
Edward Dunkle, clerk.....Rush
Joseph Dipsmore, miner....Philipsb'g
Hugh Etters, clerk.....State College
J. H. Eberhart, carpenter..Bellefonte
C. L. Fravel, farmer.....Walker
R. D. Foreman, dealer....Centre Hall
R. S. Friday, Supt.....State College
G. O. Gray, Ins. Agt.....Bellefonte
Frank Galbraith, jeweler....Bellefonte
G. M. Gamell, grain merch't.Bellefonte
H. F. Grebe, mechanic....Philipsburg
Thomas Horn, laborer....Philipsburg
James Kustenborder, farmer...College
Thomas Lobb, miner,....Philipsburg
Arthur Lukens, carpenter.Philipsburg
David Lauck, contractor.State College
William Limbert, farmer.....Miles
George Mayes, laborer....Philipsburg
Calvin Meyer, merchant.....Gregg
John Mokel, stone cutter.Howard boro
John McCoy, farmer.....Taylor
F. F. Palmer, laborer.....Potter
Perry Reese, farmer.....Worth
J. H. Raymond, laborer.....Bellefonte
John Rossman, dealer....Centre Hall
James W. Runkle, gent....Centre Hall
A. S. Stover, plasterer.....Haines
L. A. Schaeffer, clerk.....Bellefonte
Thos. Sh'ghensy, tob'conist..Bellefonte
A. W. Spotts, farmer.....Union
Harvey Smith, farmer.....Liberty
Harry Stere, laborer.....Unionville
Clark Steele, laborer.....Huston
Harry Thompson, engineer..Bellefonte
James Toner, liveryman....Bellefonte
Wm. W. Waddle, clerk.....Bellefonte
John H. Wagner, barber.Howard boro
D. E. Washburn, chemist..Bellefonte
Frank Weber, merchant...Philipsburg
W. B. Walker, laborer.Snow Shoe twp.
D. L. Zerby, clerk.....Millheim
A. E. Zeigler, clerk.....State College

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

P. H. Long, Jessie H. Shope,	Green Castle Port Matilda
Kyle M. Alexander, R. Rae Brennan,	State College " "
Geo. W. Harter, May R. Frazier,	Potter Twp. "
Paul Heisey, Tevola Rush,	Pleasant Gap "
Lawrence L. Leach, Fannie L. Bowles,	Bellefonte "
John I. Berish, Hilda M. Dahlgreen,	Munson "

Going to Inauguration.

The committee in charge of arrangements for the inauguration of Governor Brumbaugh, at Harrisburg, next Tuesday, expect upward of 1,000 Penn State College students to participate in the inaugural parade.

Suffrage Defeated.

In the House, at Washington, on Tuesday the proposed amendment to the constitution providing for equal suffrage was defeated by a vote of 204 to 174.

AGAIN ORDERS STORES TO CLOSE ON SUNDAY

District Attorney Threatens To Make Arrests.

4 MACHINES DESTROYED

Gambling Devices Confiscated at Sandy Ridge Smashed by Order of Court—Same Fate in Store for Slot Machines Found Here.

District Attorney Paul D. Fortney last Saturday inaugurated another campaign to close all stores in Bellefonte on Sunday. Just how far-reaching the movement will be remains to be seen. The District Attorney says that at one time or another all local stores which made a practice of keeping open on Sunday have been notified to remain closed, and that it is his intention to institute prosecutions for violations of the Blue Laws in the future.

Some local cigar dealers and confectioners claim that they received orders last Saturday against selling on Sunday, and that they complied with the notice, but that the orders were not general and other dealers were open for business as usual. When this was brought to the attention of District Attorney Fortney he disclaimed all knowledge of any impartiality, saying that it was his understanding that all dealers have been treated alike.

"However", added the District Attorney, "they have all received orders at one time or another to keep closed on Sunday, and if I hear of violations I will bring them to account."

Several days ago, on an order issued by court, a number of metal slot machines which had been stored at the Court House were taken out and destroyed. The machines had been found in stores at Sandy Ridge and confiscated five or six months ago. Eddie Brown, janitor at the Court House, handled the job of destroying the machines.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

J. C. Nason, et ux, to Sarah Miess, cemetery lot in Huston Twp.; $10.

John C. Hoffer, Gdn. et al, to Martin D. Carr, tract in Rush Twp.; $2,700.

Samuel K. Hostetter, et ux, to Alvin C. Eisenhuth, tract in State College Boro.; $4,000.

Moses Eby, et al, to James S. Weaver, tract in Haines Twp.; $12,669.44

David Noll to Mary A. Noll, tract in Spring Twp.; $1.

Catherine Jennings heirs to Maurice Baum, tract in Spring Twp.; $500.

Robert H. Way, et ux, to Darlington A. Way, 3 tracts in Half Moon Twp.; $7,000.

Stenley Zuknewroz, et ux, to Mike Novice, et ux, tract in Rush Twp., $165.

William T. Rothrock's heirs to Catherine Funk, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $3,250.

Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to Harriett L. Cowell, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $1.

Irvin B. Showers, et ux, to Kate Horner, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $725.

Hanna M. Stitzer to Harry Monsel et ux, lot in Bellefonte Boro.; $900.

Emanuel Wetzel to J. F. Wetzel, tract in Millheim Boro.; $50.

SadieNeff to Charles Wolf, tract in Potter Twp.; $300.

J. Blair Alexander, et ux, to Reuben I. Mitchell, 2 tracts in Union Twp.; $5,000.

Harriet Linn's trustee &c., to Robert F. Sechler, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $1,900.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to J. S. Weaver, tract in College Twp.; $135.

Harry Haag, et ux, to M. C. Gephart, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $500.

Selected Postoffice Site.

The Treasury Department at Washington last week authorized the purchase of the new postoffice site at the southeast corner of Allen and Beaver street, State College. The site was offered by Elizabeth D. Price and Charles E. Woodring for $14,000.

The lot is 110 x 160 feet and was one of eight sites offered. Efforts will be made to have work started on the government building this year, if possible. The location finally selected was strongly advocated by Robert M. Foster.

Ohio Seats Republican Governor.

At Columbus, Ohio, on Monday Frank B. Willis was inaugurated as Governor. He is Ohio's first Republican Governor in eleven years.

Pine Grove Mills.

G. F. Miller has been visiting recently with friends in Union County.

Robert Tressler and family, of Hollidaysburg, were among the dinner guests on New Year's day at the J. S. Miller home.

Foster Barr, of Pittsburgh, and W. H. Barr, of Gatesburg, were recent guests at the J. H. Neidigh home at Struble.

Misses Jennie and Catherine Roush, of Boalsburg, were guests of friends and nearby town during the holiday season.

John Fortney and wife, of Boalsburg, were entertained recently at the Dannley home, on Main Street.

Dr. Frank Bailey, after having been laid up ever since deer hunting season at his mother's home, returned last week to his professional duties at Milton.

The many friends of Mrs. Sadie Heberling will be glad to learn of her recovery from her recent illness.

Mrs. Emanuel Peters and Mrs. Laura Bricker have been suffering from grip, but are getting along nicely now.

Mrs. Nora McWilliams and Mrs. Florence Lauck are both having sleepless nights, suffering from felons on their fingers.

Albert Houck made a lucky guess of the number of coffee grains in a fruit jar and was awarded the silver lamp at the E. M. Watt store on New Year's evening.

Fred Randolph went to Reedsville on New Year's day to take charge of a large livery stable purchased recently by his father.

Paul Rigley last week purchased the H. N. Koch farm at Fairbrook at the $5800 mark.

Miss Maggie Reed recently bought the Clayton Struble farm, better known as the D. L. Denius place, just East of town. Mr. Struble is quitting and has purchased the Forest Struble home, on West College Avenue, where he and his wife will retire for a well earned rest.

Samuel Wasson, of Lemont, was a recent guest within our gates.

George Bell, a well known Spruce Creek farmer, accompanied by his good mother, spent the latter part of the holiday season with friends in town.

Robert Zenip, a former Ferguson township lad, now a prosperous farmer in Nebraska, has been making a visit here recently to look up old stamping grounds and old acquaintances.

On New Year's evening the members of Penns valley lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., held their sixty-sixth meeting with a banquet in their spacious hall. Covers were laid for 150 and all were taken.

While sleighing Sunday evening of last week Alvin Bohn's nag got away and upset the sleigh making a break-neck run of twelve miles. It was captured at Potters Mills. Strange to say the sleigh was but little injured, but the nag is worse for the fray.

The week-of-prayer services at the Reformed church were well attended.

J. C. Wands, a well known citizen of West College, recently attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was out of work and despondent. He is getting all right now.

Ralph, the little seven years old son of George Resides, had a miraculous escape from death while coasting at State College. He collided with an automobile and fractured several ribs. The sled on which he was coasting was cut squrely in two.

The newly elected officers of Leonard Grange, at Rock Springs, were installed last Saturday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock. In the evening the officers of Washington Grange, P. of H., at Pine Hall, were installed by Past-master John S. Dale.

Mrs. N. E. Hess came over from State College one day last week to greet old friends and neighbors.

At the home of the bride's parents, at Selinsgrove, on the last day of 1914, by the pastor of the Reformed church, Samuel McWilliams Hess and Miss Minnie Persiam were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. Following the ceremony a delicious wedding breakfast was served and then the newly married couple departed on a two weeks bridal tour to eastern cities. The bride is a charming young lady with many rare accomplishments and no doubt will make the Hess home one of sunshine and happiness. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hess, of State College, and is a most industrious young farmer. He is well and favorably known among the younger set. The young folks will be at home after January 20th. They will go to housekeeping in an already furnished home on the well known Hess farm on the Branch.

Bellefonte Folks Astonish Druggist

We sell many good medicines but we are told the mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka, is the best we ever sold. Bellefonte folks astonish us daily by telling how QUICKLY Adler-i-ka relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation. Many report that A SINGLE DOSE relieves these troubles almost IMMEDIATELY. We are glad we are Bellefonte agents for Adler-i-ka. Green's Pharmacy Company.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 in advance.

Red Cross Seal Campaign.

The Red Cross Christmas Seal campaign closed in a most successful manner, due to the hard work of the several committees and the generosity of the town people. The 15,000 seals were sold at one cent, each, and a cashier's check for $153 has been mailed. The extra amount was contributed. The three energetic chairmen—Mrs. Frank Shugert, Mrs. Donald Potter and Miss Daisy Keichline—with their faithful committees, deserve the greatest credit for their untiring efforts which achieved such fine results. Miss Mary Mott made the largest individual sales. Mrs. J. L. Montgomery's sales netted $15. Mrs. John S. Walker was among the number making large sales.

Three of the merchants not only gave space for a Red Cross booth, but permitted their employes to attend to sales of seals, as well. Bellefonte proved so successful in the sales of stamps that Mr. Risley, the field secretary, pronounced it to be "a wonder."

The Woman's Club expresses its appreciation to all who played a part in this tremendous effort to help provide money to fight tuberculosis. Thanks are extended to Robert S Walker for making the Red Cross structure, to the State-Centre Electric Co. for lighting the same, and to the borough Council for permission to erect it in the diamond.

Complying With Bounty Law.

The Warren county commissioners are again paying bounties on certain noxious animals. The commissioners have thus far failed to be reimbursed by the state for thousands of dollars which they paid out in bounty money before discontinuing payments but as the law leaves them no loophole there is nothing to do but commence payments and trust that the present legislature will rectify the mistakes of its predecessor by clearing up several mooted points on the question.

The decision of Judge Thomas J. Prather, of Crawford county, against the stand taken by commissioners of that county, which was identical to the one taken in Warren county, strengthens the position of bounty collectors. Judge Prather has decided that the payments of bounties on noxious animals must go under the present state law.

Alexander Foust on being refused $2 for the killing of a weasel in that county commenced suit. The case became widely known as the "Weasel case," attracting much attention on this end of the state. Judge Prather sustained his plea. This means that the future county commissioners throughout the state must honor properly attested claims for bounties and trust to being reimbursed by the state as the law provides.

May Get Federal Aid.

To meet the terms of the Smith-Lever bill, passed by the last Congress to further agricultural extension in this country, the next Pennsylvania legislature must appropriate not less than $105,000 at the next session, said M. S. McDowell, head of the extension work of the Pennsylvania State College of Agriculture. Pennsylvania has the largest rural population in the country and will get the largest appropriation under the act, he explained.

The Smith-Lever bill provides Federal funds for the agricultural colleges of the several States for extension work in agriculture and home economics. For the present year, $10,000 is appropriated to each State. For the year beginning July 1, 1915, $600,000 is appropriated to be distributed among the States in the proportion that the rural population of each State bears to the total population of the country. This amount is increased by $500,000 each year for seven years until the total appropriation is $4,100,000, and then continued indefinitely.

Mrs. Julia Sessamen Dead.

Mrs. Julia Sessamen died last Friday at Tyrone. She had never fully recovered from the effects of a fall a year or more ago. Deceased was born at Bald Eagle, July 28, 1829. Most of her life was spent at Bald Eagle and Vail. Two years ago she removed to Tyrone and up until her death made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Igou. She was a sincere Christian woman and a devoted member of the Bald Eagle Methodist Episcopal church. Her husband, William H. Sessamen, died February 28, 1894. Surviving to mourn her death are the following children: Mrs. C. A. Fields, Gatesburg; Mrs. Maggie E. Igou, Tyrone, and Scott S. Sessamen, Vail. She is also survived by the one brother and two sisters as follows: Sanford Stonebraker, Bald Eagle valley; Mrs. Christina McMonigal, Altoona, and Mrs. Amanda Henchey, Los Angeles, California. Interment was made on Monday at Bald Eagle.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children, 50c a box at all stores.

Creasy Lands a Job.

William T. Creasy, for years a member of the legislature and late Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, has been elected secretary of the National Dairy Union. Creasy recently retired as master of the State Grange. Most of his work will be done in Washington.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine, use Doan's Regulets. 25c a box at all stores.

GO RIGHT AT IT

Friends and Neighbors in Bellefonte Will Show You a Way.

Get at the root of the trouble.

Rubbing an aching back may relieve it.

But won't cure it if the kidneys are weak.

You must reach the root of it—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right at it;

Reach the cause; attack the pain.

Are recommended by many Bellefonte people.

William Woods, carpenter, High St., Bellefonte, says: "A year ago this spring I strained myself by heavy lifting and that started my back to aching. A catch caught me across my loins and I had to lay off for the day. I at once took Doan's Kidney Pills, as they had been recommended to me by others who had had experience with them and less than one box rid me of the attack. I have not had any trouble from my back since. It is a pleasure for me to testify to the merit of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have not missed a day's work since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Woods had. Foster Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Health and Beauty of the Skin.

Few people pay sufficient attention to the care of the skin, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. A certain number of both sexes devote no little time to the care of that portion which appears above their collars but few understand the real importance of the functions of the skin.

We breathe through the skin. A considerable volume of oxygen is absorbed by the body in this way. Certain poisonous substances are disposed of through the pores of the skin. These poisons are eliminated through the glands in the skin passing off in perspiration.

The skin is one of the body's thermostats that automatically regulate its temperature. If the heat grows excessive the blood vessels in the skin dilate and permit the circulation of an extraordinary amount of blood near the surface. This permits the radiation of the heat from the blood and the corresponding cooling of the body and stimulates a more active combustion.

When the body is exposed to cold if the skin is properly performing its functions it will contract and drive the blood away from the skin to concentrate its warmth near the vital organs.

The ends of the nerves which give us our sense of touch are located in the skin. This sensitiveness if for the continual protection of the body. In order that these various functions may be properly carried out it is essential that the skin be well cared for at all times. If the pores are not kept thoroughly clean, the poisonous excretions instead of being expelled are re-absorbed by the blood. Such a condition also prevents the skin from absorbing oxygen as it should do when properly performing its functions. Then too, there is the question of beauty. A clean, healty, well groomed skin is genuinely attractive.

Soap and water should be vigorously applied but no soap left on the skin after bathing. Sleep and exercise in fresh air combined with good food and plenty of water are better than all the skin foods and beautifiers and their consistent and regular use will add materially to the general bodily health and well being.

For Winter Milk Production.

Discussing the problem of feeding the dairy herd for milk production in the winter, Prof. F. S. Putney, of the Dairy Husbandry Department of the Pennsylvania State College, said that the solution to this problem is to imitate summer conditions as nearly as possible. Summer conditions, he explained, involve an abundance of palatable food, a balanced ration, succulent feed, moderate temperature and comfortable surroundings.

In order that a cow may do her best, said Prof. Putney, she should receive at least one feed containing natural juices each day. The cheapest succulent feed on the farm is silage. Give a cow 25 to 40 pounds of this a day, depending upon her live weight, he advised. Roots will serve the same purpose. For a cow weighing 1000 pounds, 30 pounds of feed is sufficient in addition to silage, feed all the clover hay or alfalfa that the cow will eat up clean, generally from 6 to 8 pounds a day. If corn stover is fed, do not give more than 3 or 4 pounds a day.

A good rule, suggested Prof. Putney, is to feed one pound of grain for each 3 or 4 pounds of milk produced. This green mixture should contain corn to give variety. Feed all that the cow will eat without going off feed, giving a balanced ration and one that is palatable and cheap.

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken ntothe shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular. Allen' Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

Appointed Postmasters.

Recent appointments of postmasters included. Helen G. Glanigan, at Mill Hall, and C. W. Sausser, at Bellwood.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

EASED HIS CONSCIENCE.

An Incident Showing a Queer Phase of Russian Character.

"The Russian character has in it something very beautiful—something childlike," wrote the Princess Troubetskoi (Amelie Rives), from Petrograd to a Richmond friend.

"A happening in Petrograd brings out the Russian character well.

"A young nobleman, rather flushed and incoherent with champagne, drove up to the opera, and, as he descended, a wretched beggar whined out the usual petition for alms.

"The nobleman looked at the ragged and filthy beggar; then he laughed foolishly, dropped a silver ruble in the gutter and said:

"'There. Pick that out with your teeth and you can have it.'

"The beggar gave the nobleman a strange look, a strange, reproachful look which did not lack a certain dignity. Then, without a word, he went down on all fours and drew the coin from the foul water and mire with his teeth.

"The young nobleman took out a fifty ruble note.

"'Now strike me in the face,' he said. 'Strike me, and I'll give you this.'

"The beggar struck him a good, vigorous blow.

"Then the young nobleman, his conscience satisfied, laughed, gave the beggar the promised reward and hurried into the opera, patting his hurt cheek tenderly with his handkerchief."—Buffalo Express.

SIKH SOLDIERS.

Some of Them Are Trained to War Almost From Babyhood.

One may often see in the English illustrated periodicals photographs of tiny soldiers about seven or eight years old gravely saluting elderly officers. These diminutive warriors are boy recruits holding regular and dignified places in the Indian army. Each Sikh regiment is allowed twelve of these little chaps, who are trained almost from babyhood. They are each paid 3 rupees and 8 annas a month and at the age of sixteen enter the regular army.

The Sikh soldiers are a most interesting and remarkable part of the British army in India. Their conduct in frontier engagements has distinguished them as brave, steady and devoted to their English officers. Yet about fifty years ago these well ordered soldiers were fanatical savages, who in their mad uprisings shook the power of Great Britain. Once conquered they accepted British rule and were trained and disciplined into a well equipped army of 30,000 soldiers. They formed part of the force that subdued the mutiny. The Hodson's horse troops, which helped capture Delhi, were composed of Sikhs whose devoted service to their leader made them famous.

Their scarlet sashes and turbans gained them the name of "Flamingos." Their descendants are no less determined fighters and stanch soldiers.—Chicago Herald.

Easy Getting Back.

A man named Bine was talking to his friend Brown one night, when the latter casually mentioned Black, a mutual acquaintance.

"Makes me think of an experience Black had a few weeks ago," laughed Jones. "He dreamed that he was an Indian and, getting out of bed, he wrapped a banket around himself and started to walk through the woods. Woke up about three hours later and found himself ten miles from home and no carfare in sight."

"You don't mean it?" was the amazed rejoinder of Brown. "How in the world did he get back?"

"That was easy," was the cheerful reply of Jones. "He lay down under a tree, dreamed that he was an Indian again and walked back."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Rheumatism In One Reel.

An old darky appeared in the doctor's office one morning, plainly very low in his mind.

The doctor, recognizing his old patient, greeted him in his most inspiriting manner.

"Well, Elijah, how is the rheumatism these days?"

"Porely, porely, sah!" replied Elijah dejectedly. "Believe me, Marse Doctor, I'se jest a movin' picture ob pain!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Cut by Friends.

Fuddy—Did you hear of the terrible accident that happened to Danby? His injuries were so serious that his most intimate friends were unable to recognize him. Duddy—Terrible accident? Railway collision? Motor smash? Fuddy—Worse. He has lost all his money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Real Gratitude.

First Little Lamb—How grateful we should be for the wool which covers us. Second Little Lamb—I return thanks every day for mine. Without our wool how could those affectionate human beings who eat us keep warm?—Wisconsin State Journal.

Table Manners.

Some folks don't believe flints were once used as table knives because they can't see how the stone age man ever got one of them in his mouth.—Washington Post.

Naturally.

"The critics say this prima donna has a voice of velvet."

"Yes; that's where her pile comes from."—Baltimore American.

When about to commit a base deed respect thyself, though there is no witness.—Ausonius.

WORDS THAT ARE ACCURSED.

To Use Them Before the Yezidees Is to Invite Death.

The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world who consider certain letters, words and phrases as being cursed and the person who pronounces them a worthy subject for immediate destruction.

They attach no value to human life, and to these ordinary dangers are added those arising from the embarrassing etiquette of conversational intercourse with them, for if any one inadvertently speaks the word "devil," "Satan" or anything with the same meaning he commits a mortal offense, and to cut off his head is a God pleasing act, a sacred duty of the Yezidee, the fulfillment of which will insure him a place in paradise.

In a like manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shun." The Arabian word "nallet," "Thou art damned," is also expunged because it is believed by the Yezidees to have been the word uttered by God when the fallen angels were thrown into hell.

These and similar words and phrases are set aside and combinations which do not belong to any language used instead.—London Spectator.

WHY SNOW HEATS THE HANDS

The Brain Calls to the Blood to Help the Chilled Skin.

It is very wonderful that our hands should become warm after playing with snow, for it must be perfectly certain that the cold snow takes heat away very quickly from our warm hands.

The warmth of our hands is derived entirely from the blood, except at times when something hot is actually shining upon them. Therefore, for some reason or other, a very much larger amount of blood than usual must be flowing through our hands. The blood is no warmer in itself, or the whole of the body would at once notice it, but what really happens is that the hands are getting richer and quicker supply of it.

The effect is just the same, really, as the delightful glow that we feel after a cold bath. The brain has the duty of taking care of the skin, as of every other part of the body. Now, when the skin has been chilled its life has been heavily taxed, and it will suffer unless it is compensated. So the brain orders the small blood vessels in the skin, wherever it has been chilled, to relax and widen so that the warm blood is able to circulate quickly through them.—"The Child's Book of Knowledge."

Pension.

"Pension" is among the numerous cases of words of Latin origin specialized to mean something which the original did not mean to the Romans. "Pension" signifies simply a payment in the broadest sense, and we are at liberty to draw the sound moral that a pension is not really something thrown in as a gratuity, but deferred pay. The word for a soldier's pay was "stipendium," and here we have another curious shift of meaning. Nobody speaks of a soldier's "stipend" now. It is a magistrate or a clergyman whose pay receives that name. The "stipendium" was paid in lumps three or four times a year, and the word came to be used to mean a year's term of service.—London Chronicle.

How the Trouble Began.

He had been reading the paper and occasionally repeating to her some item that seemed particularly interesting. Thus it happened he ran across an item about the invention of a machine for washing horses.

"They'll have machines for washing babies next," he suggested.

"Huh!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I'd just like to see my baby washed by a machine!"

"So would I," he returned.

He afterward explained to some one at the club that it was an exhibition of the insincerity of woman, for, while he had done absolutely nothing but agree with her, she was so displeased that he found it impossible to read his paper in comfort.

BULLETS ARE TRICKY.

One Chance Shot That Brought Down Three English Officers.

It has been truly said that once you fire a bullet from a modern rifle no one can forecast where it will ultimately come to rest. Even when a bullet has an uninterrupted course it is capable of upsetting all known calculations of its flight and range.

Before the battle of Omdurman a sick officer was carried across the Nile and placed under an awning no less than 5,500 yards from the nearest point of possible fire. This should easily have insured him a margin of safety, but it didn't. A stray bullet ate up the intervening three miles of desert air, struck him in the head and killed him.

Shortly before another battle in the Sudan General Sir Archibald Hunter, Colonel Hacket-Thompson, C. B., and another officer were reconnoitering through an opening in the wall of a disused sakieh, or waterwheel. The hole in the wall was so small that the officers had to stand one behind the other to see anything.

The officer, whose name is not given in the incident, was in front using a pair of binoculars, while Sir Archibald Hunter was in the rear. The glint caused by the setting sun shining on the glass of the binoculars attracted the attention of a dervish, who, with others, was retiring along the Nile. He stopped, took rapid aim and fired.

It was a very good chance shot, for it sped through one of the lenses of the binoculars, through the brain of the officer holding them, killing him on the spot, through the shoulder of Colonel Hacket-Thompson and finally lodged in the breast of Sir Archibald Hunter, where it remains to this day.—London Mail.

THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

Those Who Have Dwelt Therein Have Learned a Lasting Lesson.

They that have experienced a great sorrow are born again. The world they are now in is quite different from their old world. In that earlier world they lived upon terms of household familiarity with joy and felicity. Now they must lie down by the side of sorrow and eat with sorrow beside them at the board. Outward things may assert their identity to eye, to ear, to touch, but outward things cannot deceive the spirit within. The house of sorrow is strange, all its furniture is strange, and the newcomer must learn anew how to live.

The first lesson is to accept the past as a beautiful day that is done, as the loveliness of a rose that has withered away. The object of our yearning has passed from the world of actual contacts into the world of art. Memory may paint the picture as it will, drop out all shadows and catch the beauty of our exquisite less in all the golden glow of human happiness.

There, within the shrine prepared by sorrow, that picture will ever refresh us and bless us. Evil cannot touch it, nor ill will, nor envy, nor sordid care. Only our own faithfulness, our own acceptance of unworthy things, can stain the freshness of its beauty. Sorrow has constituted us the sacristans of this shrine; on us rests the care of this pictured relic, and unless we suffer motes and beams to get in our eyes it will remain as bright in the sanctuary of memory as in the sunshine of earthly life.—Atlantic.

His Passport.

On one occasion Gustave Dore, the artist, lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. At Lucerne he asked to be allowed to speak to the mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustave Dore, and I believe you," said the mayor, "but," and he produced a piece of paper and a pencil, "you can easily prove it."

Dore looked around him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he reproduced the homely scene and, appending his name to the sketch, presented it to the mayor.

"Your passport is all right," remarked the official, "but you must allow to keep it and to offer you in one of the ordinary form."

The Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with this institution. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at this institution.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte,

The Hackstaff Case

A Story Showing How Justice May Err.

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

In the village of Atherton lived a widow forty years old who had a head for business. She would buy an old house cheap for cash, put it in complete order and sell it at a profit. Sometimes she would have several houses under process of repair at the same time. The widow attended to the finances and contracts, but relegated the superintendence of the repairs to a young man not quite thirty years old, named Jack Hackstaff.

One day it was announced that the widow had married her employee. The women exchanged glances, as much as to say: "What a fool she is to tie up with a man ten years younger than herself. She'll rue the day she did it." The men agreed that any young fellow of thirty who married a woman of forty for her money paid a high price for tying himself up with an old woman.

However, the Hackstaff couple seemed to get on very well, at least till Mrs. Hackstaff got tired of repairing houses and found a better field of operation. But even then there was no cause to suspect that they were not getting on together. Nevertheless such suspicion was entertained by persons who noticed that Hackstaff, having been deprived of active occupation, showed some discontent.

"She had better have kept him busy," said the women. "He owes his living to a woman," said the men. "He'll either try to get the funds into his own hands or, if he has a proper pride, will dig out and shift for himself."

When Mrs. Hackstaff stopped turning old houses into new ones it was observed that she had not sunk into idleness. Had she explained what new method of making money she had taken on it might have saved a great deal of trouble.

It was noticed that the Hackstaffs were absent from home a great deal, but that they never went together. When Mrs. Hackstaff was away her husband was at home, and vice versa. It leaked out through banks with which Mrs. Hackstaff's accounts were kept—after her marriage she continued to do business and keep accounts in her own name—that she was steadily accumulating funds and was not only using her capital, but all the credit she could control.

During the autumn the Hackstaffs were observed to be away a great deal. When winter came they remained at home together and appeared to have very little to do. In the spring one—sometimes both—started out very early and remained away till summer came. Once when Mrs. Hackstaff bought her ticket a neighbor stood beside her and noticed that she purchased a long string of tickets on a round trip through the southern states. This the observer reported, and it added largely to the interest of the people of Atherton in the Hackstaff affairs.

The Hackstaff place was on the outskirts of the village and surrounded by woods. One day Mrs. Hackstaff, walking in these woods, encountered a skunk and received the contents of its odor bag on her dress. Returning to the house, she took off the dress, put on another and, giving the first to her husband, asked him to take it to the woods and bury it for the purpose of deodorizing it. This he did.

A few days later the wife conceived a business scheme of importance, and both she and Hackstaff forgot all about the buried dress. For several days she was busy arranging her financial affairs, making arrangements for the honoring of numerous drafts she proposed to make on her bankers.

Having arranged for a prolonged absence, she and her husband talked over matters of domestic nature. Sufficient means were locked in a safe in their house for his use until her return, and to provide for any contingency she signed checks in blank that he might fill in to any amount he chose. These minor affairs having been arranged, Mr. Hackstaff took up a New York newspaper that he had bought that day for the purpose of learning the sailing dates of outgoing steamers and learned that a steamer would sail for the Mediterranean and the Suez canal for China the next afternoon.

An examination of a railroad time table indicated that the only train by which Mrs. Hackstaff could catch that steamer passed through and stopped at Atherton at 1 o'clock in the morning. It was decided that she should take this train. Her luggage was sent to the station, and Mr. Hackstaff purchased a ticket to New York and checked the trunk early in the evening. When the train passed Mr. and Mrs. Hackstaff said goodby to each other on the station platform, and Mrs. Hackstaff entered the train without any citizen of Atherton having witnessed her departure. She was driven to the dock from which the steamer sailed just as the gangplank was being withdrawn and without having engaged passage.

Many of these details could have been held back for effect at the end of the story or left out entirely. They are given in order and explicitly that may the better show how. The dry and in a fine condition, a conflagration may be started that will sweep everything before it.

When Mr. Hackstaff buried his wife's dress a small boy was in a tree above the spot where he put it in the ground, about to grasp a birds' nest. The little fellow's curiosity was aroused to know what the man beneath him was going to do, so he kept still till the dress had been buried; then, having captured the birds' nest, he went home and told his mother what he had seen. As a hound who has just caught the scent of game will start and sniff the air, so did the lady throw up her hands at scenting a tragedy.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed. "I hope he hasn't murdered his wife!" But, having met Mrs. Hackstaff the day before at the bargain counter of the Beehive store, she concluded not to be in a hurry in announcing her suspicions. She determined to keep her own counsel and await developments, which meant confiding the story to several intimate friends, cautioning each to say nothing about it, for if Mrs. Hackstaff was still alive she would appear in the flesh.

But Mrs. Hackstaff did not appear because she had sailed for China. Mrs. Ward, thinking that she might have gone on one of her trips, cautioned those she had told of the buried garment to keep quiet till a proper time had elapsed for her return. Meanwhile she took a number of other persons into her confidence and by the time Mrs. Hackstaff should have returned from an ordinary trip all Atherton was agog. When a month more had passed Mrs. Ward was sure Mrs. Hackstaff had been murdered; many of those she had told of her boy's discovery felt that it was highly probable, while a few poohpoohed the whole matter.

Many believed that the authorities should be given the evidence of the buried dress, but they all considered that it was the duty of some one else than themselves to bring forth the information. There was no certainty that Mrs. Hackstaff had been murdered, and no one cared to be the finder of a "mare's nest." Meanwhile Hackstaff began to show worriment. When asked about what was troubling him he said that his wife was absent and he had not heard from her since her departure. Then he was asked where she had gone, and at this he balked. Turning, he walked away without replying to the question.

One day he went to the bank with a check for $500 payable to himself. It had been written in his own handwriting and bore his wife's signature. The paying teller had heard the whisperings about Mrs. Hackstaff's suspicious disappearance and, asking Hackstaff to wait a moment, took the check to the cashier, who carried it to the president. After a conference it was decided to pay it, but this had no sooner been done than a message was sent to an expert, who came, examined the check and pronounced it a forgery.

A match had been touched to these various items of kindling, and a brisk blaze started. A suspicion of forgery—other experts disagreed with the first—brought out the story of the buried dress, which brought out the fact that no one could be found who had seen Mrs. Hackstaff leave Atherton, that Hackstaff had looked quite as uneasy as if he had committed murder, and various other incidents, all of which combined warranted a grand jury in finding an indictment against him, though the preponderance of evidence of the experts being that the signature to the check was genuine caused the charge of forgery to be dropped.

Hackstaff told his story as it has been told here, with a few additions not bearing on the case. This was that his wife was a cotton speculator and used, with his occasional assistance, to examine the crops in the south, where they were grown. A condition of the cotton market had occasioned a visit to Bombay, and she had gone there, expecting to buy largely. What had worried him was that the steamer on which she had sailed had not been reported since issuing from the Red sea into the gulf of Aden.

There were several missing links in his explanations. His wife's dress, which had been exhumed had become deodorized; the ticket agent at Atherton, who knew Mrs. Hackstaff well, had no remembrance of having sold her a ticket on the date claimed, and owing to her catching the steamer at the last moment her name did not appear on the passenger list.

Opinion which had long been growing against the accused and the fact that the prosecuting attorney was showing great energy in convicting criminals previous to a campaign he was about to make for an important judgeship prevailed over this flimsy evidence, and Hackstaff was given a death sentence.

Mrs. Hackstaff, meanwhile having crossed the Atlantic and traversed the Mediterranean and the Red sea, was wrecked on the Persian coast. She reached the shore with no money and, being penniless in a strange land, went through various adventures before meeting a fellow countryman who helped her out and enabled her to reach Bombay.

All this took time.

A few days before Hackstaff was to be hanged a cablegram was handed him from his wife. Presuming that he had heard of the wreck, she announced her safety and that she had arrived at Bombay. The information contained in the cablegram was limited, but it was enough to save her husband from swinging at a rope's end. He was not set at liberty, however, till the court was satisfied that the cablegram was genuine and then only after he had been pardoned by the governor, which was the simplest way out of the difficulty.

MYSTERY NOISES.

Of Unknown Origin, They Sound Like Muffled Thunder.

COMMON IN THE OLD WORLD.

These Curious Boomings, That Puzzle Science, Heard at Times From Australia to Ireland, Are Akin to the "Moodus Noises" of Connecticut.

It is a hot and tranquil summer afternoon on the Belgian coast in time of peace. Strolling along the shore you are startled by a muffled detonation that seems to come from somewhere far out at sea. Can it be thunder? There is not a cloud in the sky, and you remember that thunder is rarely audible at a greater distance than fifteen miles. A man-of-war at target practice, perhaps—far in the offing. At this point your Belgian friend explains. It was the "mistpoeffer," he says, and a sign that the weather will continue fair.

But what is the mistpoeffer? If you can answer that question you can also explain the mysterious Barisal guns of India (Barisal is the name of a town in the Ganges delta), which have puzzled scientific men for half a century. You can explain also the strange rumblings that in certain parts of Italy seem to come from nowhere in, particular and are known to the peasantry under forty or more local names, the desert sound of the Australian wilderness, the water guns of Lough Neagh in Ireland and the aerial detonations that occasionally startle Californians during the warm season.

For example, in September, 1896, to quote the Santa Rosa Republican, "a tremendous explosion, presumably in the air, occurred near Cazadero. It was heard by the dwellers of the mountain region over an area of 900 square miles."

All noises of this kind resembling thunder, but not traceable to that or any other known agency, are now generally called in scientific literature brontidi, a name first used by Professor Tito Alippi, who has made a special study of these phenomena in Italy.

The "Moodus noises," familiar to old residents of Moodus and East Haddam, Conn., are probably kindred phenomena, although they seem to be somewhat more definitely associated with subterranean earth shocks than are typical brontidi, and the same may be said of the gouffre of Haiti, which—at least in some cases—is easily recognized as of subterranean origin.

Although systematic investigations of brontidi are of recent date, occurrences of the phenomena have been recorded from early times. Lord Bacon mentions "an extraordinary noise in the sky when there is no thunder," and similar sounds were known to Humboldt and Boussingault. Captain Sturt, a pioneer explorer of Australia, wrote in 1829:

"About 3 p. m. of Feb. 7 (during the Australian summer) Mr. Hume and I were occupied tracing the chart upon the ground. The day had been remarkably fine. There was not a cloud in the heavens nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthly explosion or the sharp crackling noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance.

"No one was certain whence the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself thought it came from the northwest. I sent one of the men up a tree but he could observe nothing unusual. The country round him appeared equally flat on all sides and thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us, and to this day such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

Science has not fully solved the mystery of brontidi, but it can hardly be doubted that the origin of these sounds is really subterranean. From a focus far underground the jar of settling rocks sends vibrations to the surface—not at one spot, but over a wide area. Then if the overlying air is calm and homogeneous it also is set in vibration, and if the vibrations are of the right period to be audible the result is a booming sound of altogether indefinite location. It is simply "in the air."—Youth's Companion.

French Officers Made Thrifty.

The French army officer has to be a thrifty man to make ends meet on his salary of a very few francs a day, and borrowing or running into debt is an offense against military law. An officer convicted of debt is suspended by the war office for three years, and at the end of that time his reinstatement or dismissal from the service is decided by a kind of court martial, comprising five officers of his corps, one of them of his own rank.

Antiquity of Tin.

We find that brass, and consequently tin, existed in Tyre, the great seaport town of the Phoenicians, on the coast of Syria, about 1000 B. C. They are frequently referred to in all works relating to tin or to Cornwall. The Phoenicians were merchants and carried on an important trade from the ports of Tyre and Sidon. These cities rivaled each other in magnitude, fame and antiquity.

What I want to try to do is to judge my fellow human being as kindly as I do my dog.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

SHADOW PICTURES.

The Silhouette as the Origin of All Pictorial Art.

In the year 1759, when Etienne de Silhouette was minister of finance under Louis XV., a man whose name has not been preserved started in Paris an exhibition that he called Chinese shadows. This consisted in throwing upon a sheet the black outlines of men or objects and making these shadows take part in a play. It so happened that at this time Silhouette was unpopular. He had spent many years in England and had returned to his native country greatly impressed with English methods of public economy. Undertaking to apply these principles to French finances, he met with decided disapproval by the Parisians. But little thanks did he get except to have his efforts branded as parsimonious.

Some one recalled that M. de Silhouette had written a book, "A General Idea For the Government of the Chinese," in which he exploited his economical theories. The popularity of the Chinese shadows was responsible for the jibe that Silhouette had issued the book as an advance notice for the show; hence the shadows were called silhouettes, and the name was naturally extended to portraits that were then coming into vogue, in which were presented only the outlines of faces and figures filled in with black.

Though the fashion and the name of the silhouette are of comparatively recent origin, the art itself is ancient. It was used by Etruscan potters eight centuries before Christ, and a classic legend, which has been illustrated by Benjamin West in a famous picture called "The Origin of Painting," claimed that all pictorial art originated in an attempt to paint the fleeting shadows of men and women as they fell upon a wall or a blank space.—Detroit Free Press.

DAY OF THE QUILL PEN.

When Writing Paper Was Poor and Envelopes Were Unknown.

The constant mending required by quill pens must have proved a severe trial in the days when no others were available, says the London Chronicle. Alexander I. of Russia thought it necessary to employ a man whose sole duty consisted in cutting pens. He was required to have a supply of not less than 100 quills always ready.

This number was by no means excessive, for Alexander would never use the same pen twice. Even the writing of a signature spoiled a pen, in his opinion, for subsequent use. The quill cutter, who received a salary of £340 a year, accompanied the czar on all his journeys, including campaigns against Napoleon.

Writing implements changed considerably for the better during Sir Walter Gilbey's long spell of life. "Though quill pens are still in use," he remarks in his "Recollections of Seventy Years," "I remember the time when one seldom saw any other kind. Steel pens in their early days were expensive and ill made, and few people used them. The paper we had seventy years ago may have been partly to blame. It had neither the substance nor the surface we take as a matter of course nowadays.

"I remember when envelopes came into use, and what a boon they were considered after the old system of closing letters with wafers or wax. Before envelopes were invented letters were always written with an eye to the position of the wafer or seal, a blank space being left to correspond with the space where this would be put on the outside, lest the written portion should be torn in opening."—New York Sun.

Pins.

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend the torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neighbor.

"Have you any pins?" she asked.

The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. In all, sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry them and the women don't," said one of the male passengers.—New York Post.

Curious Legend.

At Painswick churchyard, a pretty spot between Stroud and Gloucester, England, there are ninety-nine yew trees. The hundredth always dies, though it has been planted many times. A local story says that "when the hundredth lives after it has been planted the world will end."

Slitting a Pen.

The center slit in a pen is cut by a machine which seems almost to think. It consists of two chisels which barely pass each other when the slit is made, and the exact way in which the pen is poised so as to place the chisels in the proper position for cutting is one of the marvels of penmaking.

Shifting the Blame.

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"Yes, your honor. I would call your attention to the fact that the fool lawyer who defended me was assigned to the case by yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Suggestion.

"He's his own worst enemy."

"Then he ought to apologize to himself and start all over again."—Detroit Free Press.

If thou art terrible to many then beware of many.—Ausonius.

Brothers Of the Air

Story of a Heroic Deed

By RALPH BERGENGREN

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I.

The new biplane had only just left the field in an effort to climb higher into the almost cloudless sky than any aviator had yet ascended. Twice it had circled the aviation course, and each long spiral had carried it a peg upward. Already the determined, insistent br-r-r of the motor was softened by distance, and fieldglasses were necessary to assure oneself that the little black figure between the canvas parallelograms was actually a human being.

The last man who had touched the biplane—one of the mechanicians who had given the apparatus its final grooming—watched its flight grimly. His face was pale under its coat of tan, and his eyes glittered with some repressed excitement. Presently when somebody touched him lightly he started nervously and pulled himself together with an effort, but he seemed unable to fix his eyes on the tall young man in plaid knickerbockers who had thus startled him.

The young man, whose cap, worn backward after the fashion of aviators, seemed to add keenness to his long, smooth shaven face, kept his hand lightly on the other's shoulder. To the distant spectators they presented nothing more startling than the spectacle of a well known air man talking rather familiarly with an unknown mechanician. Many were watching them and pointing them out to new arrivals with the explanation:

"That's Harriman, you know, away over there across the field—the fellow who made that splendid flight yesterday in the Bleriot."

Harriman's grip tightened a little on the mechanician's shoulder.

"Did you tamper with Clinton's machine before the getaway?" he asked evenly.

His voice was low. It failed to reach the group of ten or a dozen other mechanicians gathered around his own machine at a little distance. The man in the blue overalls looked at him and then away again.

"What do you mean, Mr. Harriman?" he demanded sullenly.

"Don't lie," said the other. "I've been watching you ever since he went up." He dropped his hand from the man's shoulder. "We're rivals in this business, and if anything happens to Clinton it's none of my funeral. But I'd like to know if anything is likely to happen—understand?

"If anything happens," he continued, "I may add that there'd be a hundred dollars coming to the man who had fixed it. But it wouldn't do for him to come to me with his story after he'd had a chance to make it fit the circumstances."

He turned on his heel and moved away, whistling. The mechanician hesitated. Then he took a long step after the other man.

"I'll tell you what will happen, Mr. Harriman," he said quickly. "He'll lose his control of the elevating plane. He gave me my walking papers this morning, but I guess he won't be looking very hard for a substitute. You watch him. When he's done about a dozen of them spirals"—

He got no further. Harriman, his face illuminated with angry determination, had turned and gripped him by the wrists.

"You low brute!" he exclaimed sharply, raising his voice.

The men puttering about the monoplane heard him. They turned quickly, saw the two men struggling together and came up running. The group surrounded the aviator and his captive like a living curtain.

"Take this man and give him to the police," said Hartiman. "Pick him up as if he were injured. If he makes a fuss injure him. Two of you are enough. The rest of you get my machine in order. And you, Dick, chase across the field and tell the announcer I'm going up. Tell him," he called after the retreating figure, "that I'm going up after altitude!"

The men stared. They were used to quick action, but this happened a little quicker than usual. Only one of them caught the situation.

"You're going to catch Clinton?"

"If I can. He's up there with a tampered machine, which may fall any minute. He can't be signaled, and there's no use starting a panic in the grand stand."

II.

The distant crowd of spectators wondered as it saw two men with their burden emerge from the little group, while a third ran across the field toward the announcer, and the others swung the monoplane into line for a start. There was a moment's discussion; then the announcer raised his megaphone and bellowed to the four points of the compass:

"Mis-ter Tho-mas Har-ri-man going up in the Bler-i-ot. He—will—try—to—break—the—world's—record—for—altitude!"

Harriman, firmly settled in his machine, raised his right hand. Behind him the mechanicians sprang away from the apparatus, the propeller began its steady, insistent roar, and the monoplane careered madly across the elastic turf of the field.

Among the aviators and experts on the field the knowledge of Harriman's errand had spread from man to man. It had hopped over into the press box and sent an unaccustomed thrill of excitement along the reporters' table. Anxious eyes studied the biplane to see if there was yet any sign of defective machinery. Once the machine started as if to settle earthward; then it steadied, and those who knew drew a long breath and told one another that the swerve was due to some upper air current, for the biplane was again climbing.

Although the whiz of its propeller blades was clearly visible, like a little electric fan, the sound they made was now altogether inaudible. The roar of Harriman's motor meanwhile sounded like a continuous accent of haste and anxiety.

For the monoplane was now completing its first spiral, its motor running full speed and its occupant evidently bent on gaining every possible inch of elevation. Again and again the elevating plane lifted the insect-like body to a sudden, almost perpendicular, upward flight. There was danger in thus forcing the mechanism. Each time the aviator took the risk that the repeated stress would snap some connecting link between himself and his apparatus and send it crashing downward. But to the audience each of these splendid upward leaps seemed to be executed for its amusement, and it cheered them wildly. Here and there people argued about the probable altitude, but none denied that the monoplane was rising faster than the airship that had preceded it.

Under any circumstances Harriman's monoplane was a faster machine than Clinton's biplane. The biplane was built for stability, endurance and carrying power. The monoplane was constructed for speed first and other things afterward.

Again and again it seemed as if Harriman lifted his machine upward by sheer force of will. As the faint buzz of the motor sounded once more directly above the grand stand it was evident that the dragon fly had cut one-third from the distance that separated it from the biplane. It was impossible to estimate its height above the ground, but each successive spiral, sometimes carrying the monoplane far out over the river, evidently brought the pursuer nearer the altitude of his quarry.

Fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five—almost half an hour had elapsed since the monoplane started. The two airships were now near together, and fieldglasses were necessary to follow their evolutions. The band had started another march, but no feet beat time to it. The field had altogether lost its customary air of bustle and preparation. The aviators had drawn together and were looking steadily upward. The mechanicians stood in idle groups watching the airships. The announcer had put down his megaphone.

Then the biplane began to drop. It fell slowly to the level of the monoplane, and for a long thirty seconds the two machines seemed to be coming down together.

One of the men at the edge of the field spoke into a telephone, and a moment later a motor driven ambulance came into view from behind the hospital tent. It stopped and waited. Inside a couple of white coated surgeons were arranging a stretcher. The chauffeur leaned forward, with his eye fixed on the biplane.

But the two airships were again mounting, now almost side by side. Even with the glasses it was impossible to tell what the men in them were doing. But the monoplane, putting on speed, headed in front of the slower craft and then turned and plunged suddenly downward.

III.

A quick indrawing of breath ran along the grand stand, a mighty sigh, as if all these thousands of people had responded to a given signal. The band stopped playing, one instrument after another involuntarily silenced by the general feeling of something imminent and terrible.

Up there in the sky Harriman seemed to be performing feats that were no longer amusing, but criminally reckless. It was one thing, people told one another, to see a man take risks, but they had not come there to see a man commit suicide. Three times in succession he drove his machine across the path of the biplane and then dived earthward at an angle that made it seem impossible that he would not be pitched bodily out. But the fourth time the other machine followed, and the two began circling back toward the earth.

And now the race seemed to be reversed. The monoplane led, and the biplane followed. The long, graceful spirals brought them nearer and nearer to the landing place. The band, as if ashamed of its lapse from duty, played louder than ever.

The faint buzzing of the motors grew to a roar as the two airships circled the course not far above the heads of the spectators. Then it stopped abruptly as first one man and then the other shut off his power and swooped to the solid earth. Clinton climbed hastily out of his machine and approached the monoplane, taking off the pads that protected his ears from the noise of his motor and hearing for the first time the thunder of applause that had greeted his landing.

"Well, Harriman," he said, "I suppose this is what you were after with all that pantomime. But what the dickens were you trying to say to me?"

"You just look over that machine of yours inch by inch," replied Harriman, climbing stiffly out of his own airship, "and I don't think you'll need to ask questions. Overhaul your elevating plane in particular. Br-r-r-r!" He slapped his arms to restore circulation. "It's a cold place up there without one's leather jacket!"

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge, $25. Announcements of candidates for Sheriff, County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, $10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, $5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

Babyland.

"How many miles to Baby-land?"
"Anyone can tell;
Up one flight,
To the right;
Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in Baby-land?"
"Little folks in white—
Downy heads,
Cradle-beds,
Faces pure and bright!"

"What do they do in Baby-land?"
"Dream and wake and play.
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they!"

"What do they say in Baby-land?"
"Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!"

"Who is the Queen of Baby-land?"
"Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet."

GEORGE COOPER.

Each "war" tax stamp used these days is one nail more in the Democratic coffin.

Governor-elect Brumbaugh takes office at Harrisburg next week. Keep your eye on the doughty Doctor for Presidential honors in 1916.

The approaching campaign in Centre County will determine whether the Kurtz Democrats or the old guard Democrats are on top.

The tide is set for Republican victory next November, and nothing can hinder it but Democratic prosperity. As for the latter, "there hain't no sich thing."

Were we not so charitably inclined, we might be tempted to inquire whether anybody has yet been able to discover those "higher wages and lower prices" so glibly promised us by the Wilson administration.

The reorganization faction of Centre County Democrats have adopted the slogan: "If you won't play on the team get off the team." Meaning thereby that old guard Democrats must bow down to the reorganizers or get out of the Democratic party.

When one stops to consider the many thousands of men out of employment these days one is again impressed with the fact that free trade may be beautiful in theory but it is a complete failure when it comes to putting bread and butter in the dinner pail.

The borough Council of South Connellsville evidently is overlooking nothing in efforts being made to cut down expenses. Recently a one-armed man was employed as a policeman on the ground that his services would cost the borough $10 a month less than a policeman with two arms.

Continuing to claim that times are good and that there is nothing wrong with business, President Wilson in his recent Jackson Day speech at Indianapolis virtually announced himself as a candidate for re-election 1916. His theoretical conception of what constitutes good times is hardly likely to receive unanimous approval from the several hundred thousand men out of employment as a result of the Wilson-Underwood near-free trade law.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price, $1.00.

Her Husband's Twin Brother

A Story of a Deserted Wife

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Donald Brewer, a handsome young fellow with light hair, blue eyes and a pleasant smile on his lips, was walking on Main street swinging a light cane. Pretty girls were moving hither and thither, for Donald was in the shopping district, and it was the hour when the stores were much crowded. He was an admirer of beauty, and his expression indicated that he was reveling in the display. His heart was light, and when a young man is in happy mood the appeal of fair faces and trim figures is especially strong.

Who is this young woman advancing slowly with a little girl not four years old clinging to her skirt? Donald thought her prettier than any one he had yet met. Her glance met his, and with a cry she sprang to him, threw her arms about his neck and cried out in a sweet, appealing voice:

"Oh, Walter, why did you leave me? Come back! Do, Walter, dearest, come back and all will be forgiven."

Donald Brewer's admiration for the fair sex was general, and he preferred that the favors he received should be general. This was altogether too particular. Besides, it was too public, and, like most men worthy of the name, he detested "scenes."

He assured the lady that she had mistaken him for some one else. This only occasioned a burst of grief and reproaches. The child began to cry, a crowd collected, and a policeman came hurrying up to discover the cause of the blocking of the sidewalk. He saw a young woman clinging to a young man who was evidently not as well pleased as he should have been. Donald explained that she had mistaken him for some one else. The lady explained that he was her husband, who had deserted her. The policeman evidently believed the latter story and viewed Donald with disfavor.

"I think," he said to the woman, "we'd better go to the police officer. You can make a charge against him if you like, and that'll bring the matter into the courts."

"Don't, Walter; don't force me to do that. Come home, and we will again be happy."

And she wept on his bosom.

Walter signified to the policeman that he preferred to go with him. So the party adjourned to the police station, where Walter sent out for his mother and other friends to identify him, and the lady sent for a sister-in-law. All of the former pronounced him Donald Brewer, and the latter declared that, though he resembled him, he was not her brother. This satisfied every one except the lady, who was amazed and disappointed that they should be so obtuse. When Donald left her she took his hand and, looking at him appealingly out of a pair of liquid brown eyes, made a last appeal while the pretty little girl begged papa to come home and not make mamma cry.

It makes a lot of difference to a man when appealed to by a pretty woman whether he is free or wedlocked. Under certain circumstances—action for alimony, for instance—the word wedlock is suggestive of bolts and bars. Donald, being exonerated from being a fugitive husband, assured the poor woman of his deep sympathy and that he was deeply touched by her faith, despite proof to the contrary, that he belonged to her. If she would give him her address he would call upon her and would be glad to serve her in any way.

A beautiful hope shone in her eyes, and, giving him a parting look, she said that she would trust him once more, sure that he would not fail her. Then, to evade observation, she asked him to call a carriage, and, getting into it with her little girl, who insisted on giving papa a parting kiss, she was driven away smiling through tears.

A few days later Donald called upon the grass widow. He found her a good deal changed. Her sister-in-law had convinced her that there was a doubt as to Donald being her husband. When she came into the room to receive him she paused on the threshold, searching every line of his countenance. Then beautiful blushes rose to her cheeks at remembering the caresses she had given him, and she hung her head in shame at the remembrance of the caresses she had bestowed upon one who had turned out to be a stranger.

What is forced upon us we don't want. What we cannot get we crave. Donald, who up to this moment feared the lady would claim him, was now disappointed that she did not. Those who are chained wish to be free; those who are free wish to be chained. In the words of the crusty old bachelor, marriage is something one half the world is trying to get into and the other half is trying to get out of.

Donald had not experienced any pleasurable sensation in the caresses he had received the day before; he was dreading being forced into great trouble at establishing his identity. Now he longed to have those arms about his neck and those appealing eyes looking into his. An idea occurred to him. It was an idea not worthy of him, but it was irresistible. While a few days before he had been telling the truth to keep out of trouble, he now yielded to a temptation to tell a lie that would get him back into trouble and keep him there. Why is it that a man who will protect himself circumspectly against ordinary entanglements will plunge into a slough of despond where a woman is concerned?

Donald Brewer was young and reckless and behaved accordingly. He smiled at the lady in a way to cause her to doubt a decision she had just made that he was not her husband. A quick glance of inquiry, followed by a step forward, then a step backward, and she sprang toward him. He caught her in his arms, and her head sank on his bosom.

Donald was facing, as it happened, a mirror, and when he caught sight of his reflection holding in his arms a woman whom he had permitted to think was her husband a sense of the dishonor of his act and its probable consequences rose within him to plague him.

"What a confounded fool and villain I am!" he mentally exclaimed.

Shocked at what he had done, he began at once to conjure up some method of getting out of the trap he had laid for himself. Taking her hands in his, he disengaged her embrace, and, holding her apart so that he could look her in the eyes, he set about framing a statement that would put the matter back where it was before he had made the break. But one look out of those brown eyes bereft him of the will to do so. He was like one in deep water struggling to rise. As soon as he got to the surface a heavy hand pushed him back again. He felt as though he were sinking deeper and deeper in a moral quicksand.

"Forgive me," he muttered and took her in his arms again.

Now, it doesn't matter whether he asked her to forgive him for thus deceiving her or for having deserted her, for at that moment he saw reflected in the glass the sister-in-law who had freed him from the imputation of being the deserter. She was looking at the pair locked in a mutual embrace with an expression of extreme dissatisfaction.

He was appalled.

The lady he was holding in his arms, fortunately for him, looked and, seeing the intruder, relieved him from the necessity of disengaging himself.

"Given!" said she who had entered reproachfully.

"Ruth," replied the other, "you were mistaken, after all. He is Walter."

Ruth gave Donald a look which he remembered to his dying day.

"I grant," she said, "that you may be Walter's twin brother, for villainy seems to run in the blood."

This opened the door for at least a temporary escape.

"You are right," he said, catching at a straw. "I am Walter's twin brother."

Both women drew back and stared at Donald, who stood like Ajax defying the lightning.

"Walter Schofield had no twin brother," said Ruth.

"None that he would acknowledge. I was regarded as the black sheep of the family. At twelve years of age I ran away, and my name was never after mentioned in the family."

The grass widow by this time had returned to a state of wondering doubt.

"We have had," said Ruth, "one black sheep of your family in ours, and we have no use for another."

She pointed to the door.

Assuming a proud innocence the very opposite of what he felt, Donald said:

"I am aware of my brother's injustice to his angel wife. I have been tempted to do evil that good might come. I was disposed to take advantage of the resemblance between us to right the wrongs he has done. I have failed. Au revoir."

With a low bow he strutted out of the room and the house, Ruth looking after him with a glance of indignant contempt, while Given evidently did not know whether to let him go or detain him.

A month passed, during which Donald Brewer dreaded every day lest he should in some way be punished for having yielded to temptation and formed innumerable plans to set himself right in the matter. There is but one way for persons who have erred to set themselves right, and that is confession. When Donald had turned down a plan or two a day he finally arrived at the confessional state.

He wrote a long letter to the "wife of his twin brother," giving a detailed account of his temptation and the cause of it and acknowledging that his final statement was false from beginning to end. His excuse was one which with a woman will always win. It was that he had found her so charming and sympathized so deeply with her and her lovely child that he simply couldn't help it.

And here is the beginning to a sequel of this story of which only the bare facts can be given. Donald called by invitation on the widow and was forgiven, and his call was followed by a number of others. The lady was about to apply for a divorce in order that she might marry him when her husband conveniently died, thus saving trouble, expense and time, which last to Donald was the most important of the three, for he was madly in love and had been waiting long enough already.

All this happened years ago. What was at one time a serious matter is now one on which Donald Brewer occasionally ventures to crack a joke. He is an affectionate stepfather to his wife's child, and her aunt Ruth has come to a point where she considers that he had some excuse for his altogether objectionable action. But women are apt to think that love covers a multitude of sins.

TRAPPING A FLIRT

The Trap Didn't Spring the Right Way

By JOHN Y. LARNED

"Hello, Duncan! You look as radiant as a morning glory! Had a fortune left you?"

"Better than that!"

"What could be better than the sudden coming into a lot of money?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you."

This brief dialogue took place in the cafe of the R. club in New York. William Duncan led his friend, Edward Archibald, to a table, pushed the button for refreshments and said:

"Ten years ago I met a girl of sixteen—I was then twenty-six—who attracted me more than any one else I ever met. She was far beyond her age in some ways, most especially in flirting. I knew she was playing with me, but it didn't make any difference. I became infatuated all the same. Of course she was too young to be married, and we drifted apart, but I've never forgotten her, and it has been my intention never to marry unless I married my little sweetheart.

"But I have never since that time found it practicable to renew my suit. I have spent some years in South America, as you know, and more time in Australia. Besides, I have only recently come into a financial condition to enable me to marry. A few months ago I met an aunt of my sweetheart, who chided me for having won her niece's affections for pastime. I assured her that I would never marry any one else. Through the aunt we have been placed in correspondence, and I have just received her culminating letter agreeing to marry me on her return from Europe, which will be next month."

"Well, now, that's a romance and no mistake. I congratulate you heartily, old man; very heartily." And Archibald grasped his friend's hand in his vise-like grip. "May I ask the lady's name?"

"Ellison—Edith Ellison."

Archibald gave a slight start.

"Ever met her?" asked Duncan.

"No, but I've heard of her. She threw a friend of mine over her shoulder."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do, and, to make a confession, I've always had a desire to see her caught in one of her own traps."

Duncan looked grave.

"Oh, don't worry," said the other. "You should feel flattered. Doubtless the reason she has declined others is because she wanted you."

"That's comforting. I assure you. You say you would like to see her caught in one of her own traps. A plan occurs to me. Edith and I have not met for ten years. Did I say ten? It will be twelve next month. I'm not sure she will know me when she sees me. Suppose we go abroad, meet her, you as Duncan, I as Archibald—we're not unlike—and see if you can win her away from me."

"Now it is you who are flattering me."

"Nothing of the kind. If my personality won her originally it should hold her against all comers."

"I'm not so sure about that. Few girls of twenty-six would marry the man they admired at sixteen."

There were more talks between the two friends on the subject, and Archibald finally consented to go abroad with Duncan and on meeting Miss Ellison personate her fiance, while the real fiance personated Archibald. Duncan wrote her to delay her departure; that he would join her and come back with her.

It was December when the two friends started for Rome, where the young lady was spending the winter. Duncan had changed a good deal in twelve years. His hair had become very thin, and he was much heavier than formerly. He took with him a photograph of himself taken about the time he first met Miss Ellison, thinking he might have occasion to use it. He tried it on several friends, none of whom recognized it as a likeness of himself.

Archibald insisted that a letter be written to the lady in Duncan's name that he would not claim her as his betrothed or any privilege of a fiance until awhile after they had met. Time had changed him, and he thought it best that she should have an opportunity of seeing what manner of man he had become before feeling bound to him. This suited Duncan, and the letter was written.

One morning a card bearing the name of William Duncan was carried to Miss Ellison, who was staying with friends at a hotel in Rome, and Mr. Archibald followed the card. The lady advanced with outstretched hand, but stopped short.

"I am changed," said Archibald. "I knew you would be disappointed in me."

"Yes; you are changed, very much changed. I would not have supposed that a dozen years could make such a difference. But of course I am changed too."

"Very little, and whatever change there is in you has been an improvement."

"Permit me to return the compliment."

Mr. Archibald was ill at ease. He did not like the part he was playing and felt that the meeting lacked that warmth there should be between two persons who were intending to be married. But it was not long before Miss Ellison began to appear more used to the change she found in him and seemed especially desirous for a return to the former feeling that had existed between them years agone. But she gave no hint that she expected the caresses to which lovers are privileged. This was a comfort to Archibald.

The day after this meeting Archibald informed Miss Ellison that he had brought a friend with him from America who knew no one in Rome. When about to start out with her to see the sights he asked permission to introduce him. This was granted, and Mr. Duncan was introduced as Mr. Archibald.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Archibald," said the lady. "Indeed, any friend of Mr. Duncan's is a friend of mine if he cares to be such."

Duncan winced. There was not the slightest sign that she recognized her fiance. A party, the two men and the lady being among the number, was driven to the coliseum, then to the forum and other objects of interest, and during these visits Miss Ellison devoted herself to the real Archibald, leaving the real Duncan severely in the cold. She seemed inclined to get her pretended fiance away from the others and was not at all careful of her speech in referring to Duncan, who was much disgruntled at the success of the ruse and his position with reference to his fiancee.

"Your fat friend doesn't seem to be in a very good humor," she said loud enough for Duncan to hear. "What's the matter with him?"

This put a quietus on the "fat friend's" sightseeing with the others for that day. He disappeared while the party were exploring the forum and did not return.

Archibald mildly remonstrated with the lady, saying that his friend was a fine fellow, very sensitive, and his overhearing her remark had doubtless wounded him to the quick. Miss Ellison professed regret and promised if Archibald would bring the gentleman back she wouldn't do so any more.

That evening when the two men were together at their hotel Archibald had great difficulty in keeping Duncan from returning at once to America. "What's the use of my hanging about here?" the latter exclaimed. "The romance of a dozen years ago has gone up in smoke. Great Scott, man, I'm your 'fat friend!'"

Archibald finally secured a promise from Duncan that he would see Miss Ellison once more before returning to America, and when he did so she received him so graciously that he was sufficiently mollified to join a party for a visit to the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. On this occasion Miss Ellison shifted her favors from the spurious to the real Duncan. This was not to the former's satisfaction, and when the two men met for dinner it was Archibald who would return to America.

"She's as much of a flirt," remarked Duncan, "as she ever was. It was born in her."

"What a fool I have been," replied Archibald, "to permit myself to be used in such a matter. I'm out of it from this time forward."

"I heard you promise to go with the party to St. Peter and the castle of St. Angelo tomorrow morning."

"Well, that shall be the last of it. I'm off the next day for Genoa and thence home."

At St. Peter's and St. Angelo the wind shifted again, and the starboard Mr. Duncan came in for all the favorable. And so it was that Miss Ellison kept the two men on the eve of going home, first one, then the other, till it looked as if their friendship would not only be broken, but they would have each other's heart's blood.

One day a little note came, addressed to Mr. Archibald (for the real Mr. Duncan) from Miss Ellison, asking him if he could find it convenient to call upon her that evening. He accepted the invitation with alacrity and found the lady alone in her private parlor.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Archibald," she said, "to tell you that my engagement with Mr. Duncan, of which you are aware, must be broken. I should be obliged if you, as his bosom friend, would break it to him as gently as possible."

"I—you—you don't mean it!"

"I am dreadfully sorry, but I can't help it."

"Am I to tell him that there is another attachment?"

The lady cast her eyes on the floor. Then she suddenly threw her arms around her companion's neck.

"Will," she said, "what did you mean by foisting your friend upon me as yourself?"

"You know me?"

"Yes; at once."

"But I've changed. I'm bald, and I've grown fat."

"You haven't lost the smile that made me love you from the first moment I saw you when I was young. That smile, which denoted your inner self, is the same today as it was then, and I love it and you as I did then."

That was the end of the ruse that was played, or, rather, attempted to be played, on Edith Ellison. She returned to America as Mrs. Duncan.

But for some time the friendship between the two men was not the same as before. Duncan bore no ill will whatever against his friend, but Archibald naturally felt very sore.

However, in time the lady accomplished what the man could not. She won over Archibald, and before the trio returned to America there was the best of feeling among all of them.

"War Bread" of Soldiers.

The commissary departments of the armies of Europe in supplying "war bread" to troops have sought to give to the men a bread ration of the highest nutritive value as well as of the highest degree of palatability. The war bread is not the bread which is regularly baked in the field bakeries for issue and consumption within the customary time, but is bread that is issued to troops to be eaten when fresh bread cannot be had.

The war bread of the German soldier is made of wheat flour, potato flour, rice, eggs, milk yeast and salt and is flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg.

The war bread of the Austrian soldier is made of wheat flour, potato flour, eggs, milk, yeast and salt and is flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg.

The war bread of the Belgian army is made of wheat flour, sugar and eggs. The war bread of the French soldier is baked of flour, yeast and water, and the war bread of the British army is thoroughly baked wheat flour put up in airtight tin boxes, which, like the first aid pockets, are not to be opened until needed.—Washington Star.

A Stubborn Husband.

"My husband is one of the most stubborn men in the world."

"He can't be any more stubborn than mine."

"Oh, yes; I'm sure he must be! Yesterday I had an engagement to meet him at 3 o'clock."

"Yes?"

"Well, it was nearly 4:30 when I got there, and he won't admit yet that the rest he got while he was waiting did him good."—Kansas City Star.

Made Them Go Pretty Far.

Willis—We thought our bank cashier was a good business man because he was always talking about making the funds go as far as possible. Gillis—Did he do it? Willis—Yes; the last trace the detectives got of him he was in South America.—Town Topics.

Rare.

"Have you any rare coins?" asked the old fogy.

"Yes," replied the grouch. "I have a five dollar gold piece in my pocket right now.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Made It Fit.

Lady Teacher—Who can make a sentence with the word "gruesome" in it? Little Willie—I can! "The man stopped shaving and 'gruesome' whiskers."—London Tit-Bits.

One great doctrine everywhere inculcated among men is this—the necessity of cheerful perseverance.—Carlyle.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Howard.

SNOW FLAKES

See the little flakes of light,
Tiny friends dressed all in white,
Flying swiftly through the air
Bringing whiteness everywhere
See them whirling round and round,
On their journey to the ground.
To the clouds, "Goodbye" they say;
"With the winds we go to play."
Now they're lying soft and still
On roof, ground and window sill.
Fast asleep in robes of white.
Star-crowned friends, sky dreams—goodnight.
MARY A. WELLS.

Mrs. William Zager, of Pittsburgh, who has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Williams, at this place, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Esther Shay and friend, Mrs. William Kelley, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday here with Miss Shay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shay.

Mr. and Mrs. Abednego Williams, of Unionville, spent Sunday with friends at this place.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt, milliner for Mrs. Ward Schenck, departed Saturday for Milton where she is visiting her aunt for a few weeks.

Miss Genevieve Pletcher did some shopping in Lock Haven on Monday.

Misses Anna Muffly, Edyth Weber and Myrtle Pletcher were Bellefonte visitors last Friday.

Miss Idella Williams was a shopping visitor in Bellefonte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Confer and family, of Niagara Falls, are visiting with Mr. Confer's mother, Mrs. Mary Confer, who has been suffering for the past month from a complication of ailments. At the time of his arrival she was in a very serious condition, but now, we are glad to note, her condition is much improved.

Mark Robb, who has been attending the High School at this place, suddenly became ill from chickenpox and was removed to his home on Marsh Creek.

John Holter, of State College, visited relatives and friends in this place over Sunday.

Mrs. John Wagner, who has been suffering from a very serious attack of quinsy for the past week, is much improved at the present writing.

Mrs. Mary Breth, who has been visiting with her daughter in Ohio, has returned to Howard and expects to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Schenck.

Logan DeArment, who is working in Johnstown, spent Sunday here with his parents.

Mrs. Lovan Smith, of Centre Hall, is spending a few very enjoyable days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson.

Miss Nelle Confer, who has been employed in North Carolina, has returned to Howard to see her mother, Mrs. Mary Confer, who has been ill.

Walter Confer departed on Tuesday for Huntingdon to help his brother with a lumber job.

Two sled loads of young folks from Bellefonte were entertained last Friday evening at the hospitable home of Charles Yearick. A sled load of our young people attended the literary society meeting in Blanchard on the same evening. A sled load of young folks from Blanchard and vicinity came to Howard on Monday evening to attend the moving picture show. Come again.

The people of Howard last Friday witnessed one of the greatest ice jams ever seen here. The ice was piled from ten to fifteen feet high at the head of the dam, backing the water all over the lowlands in that section. Fortunately the ice broke and moved out of the dam without doing any damage.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 in advance.

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bubb, of Oregon, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Neff.

Christ Jodon, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Misses Elizabeth Smith and Rebecca Miles Sundayed with the latter's aunt, Mrs. Keatley, at Unionville.

Leon Yorks, of Graysville, spent Sunday with his family on Main Street.

Mrs. Edward Spear spent Sunday with friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Hilda Bryan spent Sunday with her parents in Curtin.

Misses Lucille Williams, Naomi Adams Leonore Bryan and Gladys Glenn spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. William Yeager, at Curtin.

Miss Minnie Wheeler, of Boston, Mass., is visiting with Rev. and Mrs. S. S. Clark.

Rev. Mr. Clark started revival services at Blanchard Sunday evening.

Mr. Alexender Lucas is very ill at the present writing.

Misses Sara Bryan and Inez Bartley spent Sunday with Miss Bryan's parents.

Miss Erma Pierson, who has been visiting with Mrs. T. A. Hugg, has returned to her home in Jersey Shore.

Miss Reba Kreps is ill at the present writing.

Mrs. James Gregg, of State College, is visiting with the Misses Gregg.

Misses Sue and Julia Gregg have returned home from Lewistown, where they spent the holidays.

E. C. Shope, of Altoona, visited his sister, Miss Lida Shope, during the week.

Miss Hazel Barrett entertained eight of her girl friends with a fudge party last Thursday evening. Those present were the Misses Alice Lucas, Ruth Bierly, Marcella Green, Marion Smith, Sue Heaton, Florence Wagner, Daisy Shawley and Almeda Pownell.

Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer is ill at the present writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Campbell have moved to Tyrone, where Mr. Campbell is employed.

Alfred Heaton, of Julian, spent Sunday at the Kerschner home.

Mrs. Kerschner, who has been ill for some time, was removed to the Bellefonte hospital on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adams are visiting friends at Tylertown.

Miss Hazel Gingher entertained a few of her friends on Wednesday exening, it being her seventeenth birthday anniversary.

Misses Rhoda and Agnes Swartz entertained their friends with a chicken and waffle supper on Saturday evening, Jan 9th. Plates were laid for seven couples.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schindler gave a surprise party to their daughter, Carolyn on Thursday evening. It was the young lady's seventeenth birthday anniversary. A sled load from Curtin were the invited guests. Refreshments, consisting of an oyster supper, were served. Plates for eighteen couples were laid.

The past week has been one of merry making. Many sled loads and parties were on the tapis. Two sled loads consisting of the younger and also the older people had an oyster supper at the home of their old congenial friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Miles, about two miles above Unionville, on Thursday evening of last week. They did not return until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning.

Earle Stock Company.

The Earle Stock Company will appear at Garman's Opera House during the week commencing January 25th. The repertoire includes features in drama, comedy, music and vaudeville. Prices 10, 20 & 30c.

Mt. Eagle.

E. E. Heverly on Saturday went to Bellefonte to see his daughter, who was one of the unfortunate persons in the coasting accident at that place.

Dr. Kurtz, of Howard, was in town on Sunday evening attending the sick.

Mrs. Alf Strickland and Mrs. John Thomas, who have been on the sick list, are improving.

Hayes Daughenbaugh spent Sunday at home with his family, returning to his work on the evening train.

Miss Kate Bathurst, of Lock Haven, visited on Sunday evening with her sister, Mrs. Strickland.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant was in Bellefonte doing some shopping on Wednesday evening of last week.

E. H. Leathers had his handle factory running a part of last week.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and children were in Howard on Saturday attending to some shopping.

Earl Leathers recently shipped several hundred mine rollers. John Confer last week shipped several cars of mine props to the Williamsport Lumber Co.

The Brown boys left last Thursday for Greensburg, where they expect to work for the railroad company. They are industrious and will make good.

John Leathers and Oliver Bitner recently drove to Cato and Hayes Run to look over chances for employment, but found things in those sections just about as quiet as they are every place else.

Couldn't Face Failure.

In 1782 James Price, a distinguished amateur chemist and fellow of the British Royal society, announced that he had succeeded in inventing a method of converting mercury and other inferior metals into gold and silver. He conducted a series of experiments in the presence of a number of men of rank and science which were apparently successful. Some of the gold thus produced was presented to the king, and the University of Oxford, hearing of this, immediately conferred on Price the honorary degree of M. D. But a fierce controversy arose, and he was requested to prove the truth of his discovery before the Royal society. He assented, and on the appointed day the critics assembled at his house. He received them cordially, and then, stepping to one side, he swallowed a flask of laurel water and died in a few moments. He had, it is thought, made a mistake in his experiments and had not the moral courage to own it.—London Standard.

Genuine Wit.

Benjamin Moore, the second bishop of New York, was a man noted in his day for his ready wit—a quality that his wife apparently shared with him. A dinner was given by some one of Gouverneur Morris' friends when he was about to depart for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. In the course of the conversation Mr. Morris observed that since he was going abroad he had made his will and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my complete stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied: "Sir, you are not only very kind, but you are very generous. You have left me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added, "My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."—Youth's Companion.

Fascinated by His Model.

The weekly meeting of the Married Ladies' Society For the Better Control and Guidance of Husbands had just been called to order by the president.

"Members will now tell their troubles, one at a time," said the chair.

A meek looking little woman stood up in a far corner of the room.

"My husband," she quavered, "is in love with his model."

The buzz of gossip suddenly ceased, and all eyes were turned upon the speaker.

"But your husband is not an artist," argued the president. "He runs an iron foundry, doesn't he?"

"Yes'm," said the meek lady, "but all the same he loves his model. You see, he's a self made man."—London Standard.

An Ancient Phrase.

The frequently quoted "I do not pin my faith upon your sleeve" is traced in sentiment to feudal times, when the partisans of a leader used to wear his badge pinned upon their sleeves. Sometimes these badges were changed for specific purposes, and persons learned to doubt; hence the phrase, "You wear the badge, but I do not intend to pin my faith on your sleeve."—New York American.

What Hurt Most.

"Why are you crying so bitterly, little man?" asked the kind hearted old lady as she patted the tearful youngster on his head.

"Bill Jones hit me on the nose," was the boy's reply.

"Did he hurt you much?"

"Naw; he didn't hurt me at all, but he ran away before I could hit him back."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Golden Fleece.

The noted Order of the Golden Fleece is a military one instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with the Portuguese Princess Isabella. The order now belongs to both Spain and Austria.

SEEING THE SUN.

A Traveler's Experience Among the Natives of Manchuria.

In "Thirty Years in Mukden" Dr. Dugald Christie tells the following story of an experience that he and the Rev. John MacIntyre underwent on a trip they took from Mukden to the river Yalu, the border of Korea. On their way back they found themselves toward dusk one day in a sparsely inhabited district several miles from the only inn. They reached it by fording a swift river swollen with melting snows and found a poor hovel with only one common room and two old men as innkeepers.

"There was neither candle nor lamp, but the end of a tarred rope that hung from a beam was burning, and by this dim light I looked at my watch," says Mr. Christie.

"'What is that toy?' asked one of the old men.

"'It tells the time,' I answered.

"'What time? What do you mean by time?'

"'It shows where the sun is.'

"Turning to his brother, he asked in a puzzled way: 'But the sun's down long ago. How can he tell where it is?'

"'Ai-ya!' said the brother, with awe. 'He can still see it in the glass. What can these foreigners not do?'

"Early the next morning we were astir, preparing to go on. As our horses were being saddled the old man questioned us again:

"'How far away is your country?'

"'Many thousand miles.'

"'And did you ride all the way on that horse?'"

NEWSPAPERS IN INDIA.

They Seem to Be Run In a Happy-go-lucky Sort of Way.

Americans accustomed to the hustle and bustle of our newspapers that are enterprising to a marvelous extent, would be amazed if not exasperated with the papers of India. One of these sheets recently published this explanation:

"This is only the beginning of our paper. We were not sure how much matter was required to fill it up, and, thinking we had sufficient, we did not exert ourselves much to get any more. We therefore beg that our readers will excuse us for the space left blank and promise to do better and get more in the future."

How many subscribers would that paper have in this country? Still more curious was the announcement of a paper that came out with two columns blank, the editor having the cheek to say that a large quantity of exceedingly interesting matter has been left out for want of space.

When the average East Indian editor wants a holiday he suspends publication until it is convenient to resume and, taking the public into his confidence, informs them plainly why the paper was not issued on the expected dates. "With the consent of our readers we now propose to take our annual holiday. We are sure none of them will begrudge us our relaxation."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Birth of Music.

There are many legends concerning the origin of music, but it is impossible to say which is the oldest. By the old Romans the god Mercury was credited with the invention of music. According to Apollodorus, the belief was as follows: The Nile after an overflow left on the shore a dead tortoise. Its flesh was finally dried up by the hot sun, so that nothing remained in the shell but the cartilages, which, being braced and contracted by the heat, became sonorous. Mercury, happening to be walking that way and striking his foot against the shell, was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea of a lyre presented itself to his imagination. He immediately constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise and strung it with the sinews of dead animals. And so music began.

The Lost Repeater.

When Monsieur—the first Monsieur at the court of Louis XIV.—discovered at his levee that his watch had been stolen, presumably by one of his valets, he finished dressing hastily and, addressing them all, said: "Gentlemen, the watch strikes. Let us separate as quickly as we can." What a tact and finish were here!

The spirit of Monsieur was admirably caught by the French gentleman of the time who, attacked by robbers at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, simply observed, "Sirs, you have opened very early today."—Cornhill Magazine.

Domestic Problem.

First Modern Parent—Aren't your two children something of a problem? Second Modern Parent—Yes, indeed! They go away to school for thirty-eight weeks, to camp for ten, and that leaves four whole weeks when I don't know where to send them.—Life.

Sense of the Practical.

"The Romans had a strong sense of the beautiful," remarked the student.

"Yes," replied Mrs. McGudley, "but they wasn't practical. For instance, those Roman candles was very pretty to look at, but they wasn't much good to read by."—Washington Star.

Corrected.

Miss Kitty—Before you were married, Mrs. Blunt, did your husband bring you many flowers? Mrs. Blunt—I didn't have any husband before I was married, dear.

His Hint.

Hunter—Are you ever shot at by mistake for a deer? Guide (impressively)—I dunno. They never live to tell what they shot at me for.—Exchange.

YOU NEED
A PLASTER

particularly at this time of the year. This is the surest and quickest road to relief from aches and pains.

See Our Window Display

You will find it interesting and instructive. Our assortment of kidney plasters is most complete. We carry only the very best. When you buy a plaster here you may know it is of the highest standard.

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Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address
A. THOMAS,
Clarence, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

WANTED—Two agents, salary or commission. Apply to Leathers Bros, State College, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Farm 3 miles from Bellefonte on Pardue Mountain. Good house, barn, outbuildings, spring water and telephone. William Burnside, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at $1, $1.50 and $2 per month. F. W. Crider, t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

CARPENTERS WANTED—Four carpenters wanted to work on concrete form work at Liberal Arts Building at State College. Apply to George Barr, State College, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Your druggist sells it. 25c and 50c.

FOR SALE—Fresh Cow. Inquire of John Snyder, P. R. R. Ticket Agent, Snow Shoe Intersection, Pa.

LOST—A dark blue Messaline petticoat, on Friday night, between Logan, Spring and Howard Streets. Reward if returned to this office.

FOR SALE—One refrigerator, good as new; size 7 ft. long, 5 ft. wide, and 6ft. 7 inches high. In first class condition. Price reasonable.
Andy Tobias, Clarence, Pa.

WANTED—For the winter, a driving horse for the keep. Mare preferred. Same will be well cared for and returned in good condition. Would also like to rent a buggy. Would consider a second-hand buggy at a bargain price. Rev. F. A. Lawson, Stormstown, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery. Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Whole supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

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es on Sleighs ranging from $25.00 and up- All old comfort square backs. Some spring and some without springs. Come in and make ction while the stock is complete and take it ou will have it when the snow comes, which on.

Genuine Buffalo Robes

ookville Wagons, New Idea Manure Spreaders, ron Hog Troughs, Galvanized Water Troughs, Shellers, Blizzard and Hand Fodder Cutters, Pumps of all kinds, Poultry Grits, Charcoal, Beef Scrap and Oyster Shells. Hulled Oats, something fine. Old process Flax Seed Meal, Pure Ground Flax Seed Meal and Cotton Seed Meal.

We have a good warm stove and we give you fair treatment. Call and look us over.

John G. Dubbs
BELLEFONTE - - PENNA.

Are You Still Eating?

Good! Then let us show you what superior goods you can secure from us at minimun cost cash prices.

If you are not numbered among our patrons you can really have no idea of the benefit of buying high grade groceries for cash.

Just Received a Strictly Fresh Line of Choice Dried Fruit at Right Prices.

All Christmas Candy reduced to cost. Choice Mixed Candy at 8 cents per pound. Now is the time to indulge that sweet tooth.

Remember we are using this space fur your information and mutual benefit.

ROBERT MORRIS
Bellefonte - - Pa.

Who Captured Him?

Was It a French War Detective or a Pretty Girl?

By JOHN Y. LARNED

When the great European war broke out Arthur Eggleston, a young American reporter, anxious to make his way in the world, full of the vigor of youth and not averse to adventure, saw his opportunity. He took the first steamer for London that sailed and in due time arrived at that city.

Crossing the channel with a contingent of British troops, he landed at Ostend during that period when the German forces were hammering at the forts of Liege and the French and British forces were gathering to resist the invasion into France. He applied for permission to attach himself to the British headquarters, but was refused on the ground that no newspaper correspondents would be allowed to accompany the army. At the French headquarters he received the same response to his application.

Eggleston, having crossed the Atlantic ocean and the British channel to report the big fight, determined to follow in the allies' rear, hang about their flanks, anything except get in their way, and report what he could gather. He found himself at Lille when the allied armies had begun their retreat, but before they had reached that city. He also found "the General Safety," a detective force used to hunt down and eradicate spies. When one is hunting for any particular thing the identity of which is doubtful he is very apt to find it. With a lot of spy hunters in the field a scarecrow set up to keep the crows away from the corn is not safe.

Eggleston was walking in Lille one day when a file of French soldiers under the command of a lieutenant came down the street, stopping persons here and there. The American did not dream of danger and, when they reached him and the officer demanded to know who he was, where he had come from and where he was going, told him that he was a newspaper correspondent looking for news. The officer, not being satisfied with this, informed him that he must take him to the headquarters of the General safety.

Eggleston was conducted to a building in a room of which an officer, sitting behind a desk, regarded him ominously. The Frenchman began asking him questions in French, and Eggleston understood most of them, answering without hesitation, but when his questioner branched into German the American showed plainly that he did not understand. It did not at once occur to him that the man suspected him of being a German spy and was trying to catch him. Presently Eggleston bethought himself of his passport and produced it. This established the fact that he was an American, and he was thereafter treated with great consideration.

Eggleston spent some time in Lille without being permitted to go near the armies. One day he was walking along a residence street when he heard a feminine voice say in French:

"Monsieur, have you any news of the armies? Will they come this way? We are all packed ready to move."

Turning, he saw a pretty girl leaning out of a window. He had studied the French language at school and had picked up a Frenchman on the way across the Atlantic, with whom he had talked incessantly in order to gather enough French to enable him to get on in France. So he replied as best he could that he was profoundly ignorant of what was going on at the front; he was trying to get there, but thus far had been unsuccessful. Noticing that his French was not of the best, the girl asked him if he were not English. No; he was American. The English were very popular since they had come to assist the French, but before that Americans were the best liked. An elderly lady came to the window, anxiously asked for news and gave Eggleston an invitation to come in. He accepted it. A glass of wine was brought out, and the three sat discussing the probabilities of the family having to leave their home and cart their belongings across country to the coast, as the Belgians were doing.

And so it happened that Eggleston, instead of writing up the thunder of guns, the explosion of shells, the rattle of rifles, the groans of the wounded, spent several days dallying with a pretty girl, at the end of which time, since he did not go to the guns, the guns came to him, and while they were yet in the distance he helped his friends, the Legires, to remove their effects—or a small portion of them—to a cart he secured for them and saw them on their way to the southward, after which he began to do some work as a war correspondent.

Eggleston, keeping as near the retreating French and English lines as he dared, preceded their retreat toward the capital. When the tide turned he was on the allies' left flank and one day after witnessing some very hard fighting went into a town on the west bank of the river Oise to write up copy and send it by courier to the coast to be forwarded.

He was sitting in the writing room of the only hotel in the place when a man came in and, bending over him, began to peruse what he was writing.

"Are you a censor?" ased Eggleston, looking up with a scowl.

"I am an officer of the General Safety corps, monsieur. Who are you?"

"I am an American newspaper correspondent, writing an account of today's battle and in a hurry."

"English?"

"No; American."

"I would like to see your passport, monsieur."

Eggleston took his passport from his pocket, threw it on the table and went on writing. The man picked it up, opened it, read it and compared the personal description with the correspondent.

"Eyes blue, hair light. The Germans all have blue eyes and light hair."

"Germans? What do you mean? Don't you see that the passport reads, 'A citizen of the United States?'"

"Monsieur, you may as well own up first as last. You are a German spy."

Eggleston pushed back his chair and stared at the man.

"German spy! Why, my dear fellow, I am an American. Can't you read English?"

"The passport has been stolen. The Germans took it from an American. You need not try to deceive me. We have received a warning."

"What warning?"

"A German who has lived in England, who speaks English like a native, who looks like an Englishman, armed with the American's passport, is within our lines for information. We have received orders to look out for him and if we take him to shoot him at once. Come."

Eggleston paled. He was aware that the keen scent of spy hunters was leading the detectives to make short work of suspicious persons and supposed he was to be taken out to be shot.

"But, monsieur, I was in Lille a few days ago, where I made the acquaintance of those connected with the General safety. They will vouch for me."

"Ah, but they are not here," with a shrug of his shoulders.

"And I must suffer as a spy because those who are able to identify me are not here?"

"That is one of the hardships of war. We can take no risks. Besides, those men in Lille may have been deceived in you."

"When did the Germans capture the passport you have referred to?"

"Yesterday."

"I met the General safety detectives last week."

At this moment another man came into the room and looked at Eggleston as a hound would look at a hare in which he was about to set his teeth. The two Frenchmen talked together in a low voice. Eggleston thought it better not to seem much troubled about the matter and, taking up one of the sheets before him, pretended to read. A third man was called into the room, who, having been instructed, approached the American and said to him in German:

"If you will confess your life will be spared."

Eggleston, who did not understand a word of what was said to him, but recognized that it was in the German language, replied:

"Nicht versteh."

This was quite enough for the Frenchman, who held that the "nicht versteh" was full proof that the suspect was a German. However, after deliberation they concluded to refer the case to some one higher up; so they placed Eggleston under guard for the night.

But the allies were at that time too busy fighting for any one in authority to pay any attention to an individual case. The next morning, no reply having been received concerning the suspected spy, his captors concluded that it was best to take no risks, but shoot him, though they did not like to do so on an uncertainty, for in case he should be what he pretended they would be liable to get themselves into trouble.

The roar of battle at times sounded nearer and at times more distant. On one occasion when the guns were louder Eggleston's captors decided to remove him to a town farther west. During the journey they were about to cross a road running north and south and had stopped to let a train of refugees pass when among the latter Eggleston caught a glimpse of the pretty girl he had met in Lille.

"Mademoiselle!" he shouted.

Louise Legire turned and, seeing the American who had assisted the family in the hour of need, clasped her hands with French fervency and called her mother's attention to him.

A halt was called, and the refugees and the detective came together for a conference. Both mother and daughter were horrified when they learned that "le bon Americain" was to be shot as a spy. They told the story of having seen him in Lille about a week before and how he had assisted them. This was proof positive that he was not traveling on a captured passport, for he had shown it to an officer of the General Safety corps in their presence, and Louise, who had never seen a passport before, had examined it from curiosity.

Eggleston's captors apologized for having intended to shoot him as complacently as if they were doing so for having unintentionally joggled him in passing. They dismissed him, and the last seen of him he had joined the Legires, and that is the last that has been heard of him. His reports to his paper suddenly stopped. There are those who suspect that this ending of the story is incorrect and that he was really shot as a spy. But such persons do not consider that there is always danger of a man being carried away by a pretty girl even if there are plenty of warriors handy to do the job.

A DUKE'S REVENGE

It Gave to Germany Her Most Distinguished Regiment.

THE DEATH'S HEAD HUSSARS.

Organized Originally by Frederick William of Brunswick, Napoleon's Deadly Foe, the Famous Body of Cavalry Fought Its Way to Renown.

The curt refusal of Napoleon I. to allow Frederick William, duke of Brunswick, to bury the body of his exiled father in his native land inspired the organization of the Death's Head hussars, the most famous regiment in the present German army.

Deeply moved by the ungracious act of the despotic Napoleon, Frederick William, after his first paroxysm of indignation and rage had subsided, vowed eternal vengeance against the French conqueror, and until the day of his death, which was June 16, 1815, on the field of Quatre Bras, he was Napoleon's most implacable foe in all the German states.

Brunswick being barred to him by the victories of the relentless French invader, Duke Frederick William repaired to Bohemia after his father's death. He was without funds, but through the efforts of his sister, then princess of Wales, English funds found their way to him, and he was enabled to set on foot the plans he had formed to revenge himself upon his enemy.

All Germany was then under Napoleon's foot. His armies had swept away all opposition. Prussia, Brunswick, Bavaria, Saxony, all the states were mere vassals of France. But though conquered or subjugated their hatred of the oppressor was intense, and underneath the surface a fire of hatred smoldered, which the duke helped to fan into the blaze that eventually sent Bonaparte to St. Helena.

The duke announced himself as Napoleon's foe. Men flocked to his standard. He organized and equipped 2,000 cavalrymen and, in memory of his father, clothed them in black. A silver skull and crossbones adorned their hussar headdress, and the silver lace slashings of the jackets were placed to resemble the ribs of a skeleton.

"The Black Brunswickers" they were called. With the gallant duke at their head they began a guerrilla warfare that was a continual worry to the French armies. Von Stein, Scharnhorst and others gave them secret encouragement.

Through Saxony, Hesse and Hanover the troopers gobbled up and put to the sword French detachments. Recruits flocked to them. At Berneck the duke gave battle to the French General Junot and whipped him. All Germany thrilled at the romantic accounts of the daring of the terrible "Black Hussars."

A Saxon army was whipped at Zittau and another force at Halberstadt. A regiment had grown into an army, the only one Napoleon's troops could not corner and whip. The duchy of Brunswick was invaded and the French garrison alarmed. Leipzig was surprised and captured.

Until the battle of Wagram the duke and his hussars rode over Germany at will. That victory gave Napoleon more time to devote to them, and the duke was forced to flee to England. But the "Black Hussars," with the death's head on their caps, continued the warfare in scattered bands. They were welded into a brigade in 1814 and, as a part of a division in the allied army commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, rode into Paris after Napoleon's downfall.

They fought again during the hundred days. The Duke of Brunswick did not live to see Napoleon's complete humiliation. He died on the field of battle while trying to rally some recruits who started a stampede at the first French fire.

The fame of the hussars had reached such a point that the organization was continued in the Prussian army. Today its colonel is the crown prince of Germany, and among its officers are princes of a dozen reigning German families.

The regiment presents a splendid appearance on parade, its picturesque uniform, of which the skull and crossbones on the headdress are the most striking attractions, imparting to the dashing cavalrymen a sinister and startling effect.—Kansas City Times.

The Walrus' Defenses.

A full grown walrus will weigh as much as 2,000 pounds, a mountainous mass of muscle and blubber. He is armed with tusks of ivory sometimes two feet in length, and when from his upreared bulk these formidable weapons are plunged downward upon an enemy they are as resistless as the drop of a guillotine. Such a thick layer of blubber lies under the skin that he is practically clad in an armor impervious to teeth and claws alike. —St. Nicholas.

Flight of a Bullet.

The same projectile propelled by the same power will travel farther if projected vertically than if projected on a horizontal line four feet from the ground. Thus a bullet fired vertically with a velocity of, say, 100 feet per second, will ascend to a height of 155.3 feet, while if fired with same speed horizontally four feet from the ground will strike the earth at a distance of fifty feet.—New York American.

Knowest thou the meaning of this day? What thou canst do today wisely attempt to do.—Carlyle.

FOOD, FINGERS AND FLIES.

Three of the Factors Most Active In Spreading Disease.

There are three principal ways in which disease germs are carried from person to person, and these ways may be easily remembered by three catch words—food, fingers and flies.

The most important foods which carry disease are those which are eaten raw, since thorough cooking destroys disease germs and most cooked foods are only dangerous when they have been infected in the kitchen after cooking. Among raw foods, too, many, like oranges, are safe because they are peeled before eating.

Of all foods the most dangerous are water and milk, because they are often polluted (by sewage in the case of water, by human contact in the case of milk), because they are drunk promptly without time for the disease germs to die out and because, usually in the case of water, and often in the case of milk, they are not cooked.

The second way in which disease germs are commonly spread is by means of contact betwen people themselves. Fingers, in the catch phrase, which all who value their health should try to bear in mind, stands not only for the fingers themselves, but for all sorts of ways in which disease germs may be exchanged.

In measles and whooping cough and scarlet fever and diphtheria and tuberculosis and many other diseases the germs are present in the nose and throat and are spread from person to person by the fingers, which go too often to the mouth and nose, by drinking cups and spoons and other things which too often are used in common and by the fine spray thrown out from the mouth in coughing and sneezing. In typhoid fever and diarrhea and similar diseases the germs are found in the intestinal discharges, and here, too, soiled fingers play an important part in the transmission of the disease.

The third common way in which disease germs are spread is by means of insects. Flies are perhaps the most important insect germ carriers in most states. They often pick up infected material on their legs and bodies and carry it to food, and where there is no good system of sewage disposal they may play a part in the spread of such diseases as typhoid fever. A certain kind of mosquito carries malaria, and this, too, is important in certain districts. In tropical countries a whole host of diseases is carried by insects.—New York American.

COWBOYS OF SPAIN.

Splendid Horsemen, but They Use Spurs Without Mercy.

The perfection of Spanish horsemanship is to be seen among the vaqueros, ganaderos and garrochistas, by which various names the mounted herdsmen of the Andalusian plains are known—in brief, what we should call a cowboy. Every farm seems to maintain a large number of these, for each herd, flock or drove has its own herdsman, goatherd or swineherd, as the case may be. The vaqueros are a fine looking lot of men. Tall, thin, light and loosely made, they look ideal horsemen, as, in point of fact, they are, though their mounts are poor.

The vaquero rides very high on a huge saddle, with a long stirrup and straight leg, using a single rein and a very heavy curb, but he has such beautiful hands that, although using this barbarous bit, he never cuts his horse's mouth about. It is different with the animals' sides, however, for he uses his spurs without mercy, and the white horses—of which there are a large number—all have ominous red stains behind the girths.

All the herdsmen who look after cattle carry a long lance, called a garrocha, of thick and heavy wood, which, except when standing still, they always carry "in rest" and not "at the carry," presumably on account of its great length and possibly its weight. With this weapon, in the use of which he acquires amazing dexterity, the garrochista is able to control the most unruly brutes in the herd, not excepting the savage fighting bull.—Wide World Magazine.

Making a Record.

Sir George Trevelyan told a curious little anecdote regarding an interview he had once had with Thackeray. The novelist was engaged at the time in writing "The Virginians," and in the middle of the conversation he commenced to ask each of the young men in the company what was the greatest length they had ever jumped. The greatest jump claimed was twenty-two feet.

"Well," said Thackeray, "then I will make Washington jump twenty-four."

So reputations are made.—London Standard.

Offensively Officious.

"You always go home exceedingly early, old man."

"Yes. Our neighbors are the cause of that."

"How so?"

"If I stay downtown a minute late they come right over and condone with my wife."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Caviar.

Caviar is the roe of the sturgeon prepared as a table delicacy. As a dish too rare to be known by the generality of people and the flavor of which would not be relished by an uneducated palate, Shakespeare makes Hamlet speak of it.

Gallant.

Beautiful Widow—Do you know, I'm forty years old today. Gallant Bachelor—Madam, you are twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear.

THE REMITTANCE MAN

A Story of a Partnership.

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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I.

Crittenden stepped out of the postoffice at Goldspur, with his usual monthly letter from London town in his pocket.

In front of the store was Mollie Owen, mounted on her brown pony. The sight was enough to make any man pause, but there was more than her beauty and grace to check the Englishman, for a moment later she began to cry.

Beside her stood Lin Dewing, a grin on his face and cheerful contentment fairly emanating from his personality.

From a lounger at the door of the postoffice Crittenden caught a remark that sent the blood faster through his heart.

"Lin's got her dead to rights. She can't meet the payments on the Upper Bend outfit, and he won't give her time. No fool woman can run the ranch, no matter how good looking she is. It needs a man!"

Nobody will ever know whether the spark of British chivalry collided with an instantaneous appreciation of Mollie's points or whether it was purely subconscious action regulated by fate's decree, sex attraction and opportune propinquity. Suffice it to say that some irresistible current turned Crittenden's footsteps in the direction of the brown pony and Mollie.

"I understand, Miss Owen," he began, with the delightful drawl that gave Goldspur gooseflesh, "that you need a foreman over at your place."

Mollie met his eyes and stopped crying. She liked his eyes. There was a glint of humor in them, and they were a relief after the little black slits that furnished Lin's soul with loopholes.

"I'll take you if you want to try it," she flashed back. "What's your name?"

"John Crittenden."

Mollie felt a slight thrill of disturbance. She had heard of John Crittenden. Everybody around Goldspur had. Rumor said he was a "remittance man" and rode in every month for the purpose of receiving a certain letter from London.

She said to Dewing:

"I've got thirty days, haven't I, Mr. Dewing, if I can raise the balance? The interest is paid up to the 10th."

"Yeh'm, you sure have," responded Lin happily. "And I hope you can raise it. If you can't, I guess I'll have to take the place off your hands."

Mollie smiled and tightened the reins.

"All right. I'll be here on the 10th, then. You'll come over tomorrow, Mr. Crittenden?"

Next morning while the early mist still curled like low campfire smoke up the hillsides he rode to Upper Bend. Mollie was out feeding her chickens when he arrived.

"I've got three other men working here, but they aren't a bit of good," she told him. "Two look after the sheep, and one stays around handy to help me here at the ranch. The place is all run down. It needs a man's hand and point of view. I hope you'll get down to business and work a straight deal with me."

"I will," said Crittenden. "That's what I came for."

But he did not tell her how strange it seemed, this buckling into harness after nearly two years of inertia. He himself hardly sensed the keen, buoyant spur of responsibility.

One day Mollie stopped him as she was riding.

"Things are picking up, John." She called him John quite naturally now. "I think we'll pull through. There's $500 to pay by the 10th. I've got some saved toward it, and I heard today those new folks down the valley want to buy sheep. We could let a bunch go, couldn't we?"

"Would you mind taking in a partner here, Miss Owen?" asked Crittenden slowly. "I like it, and I think I could make a good thing out of it. I can put in my share, and that would pay off Dewing and give us a start."

The color rose in Mollie's face. She did not meet his eyes. It was not an easy thing she had to tell him, but she went ahead bravely.

"John, I want to be frank with you. I like you. You know that, don't you?"

"No, I didn't," said Crittenden, and the look in his eyes almost made Mollie lose her courage.

"You're a bully foreman," she added firmly. "But would you stick? I've heard all about you, of course"—

"What have you heard?"

"That you are a remittance man."

Then Crittenden told her simply, without any show of repentance or excuse for the past. He had made a failure of life at home. He was no criminal, but he had been a spendthrift and general ne'er-do-well. He had come to the west to try to find himself, to learn his bent in life, to see whether there was a groove that he fitted.

"I think I've found it here," he finished. "This suits me. The money I told you of is my own. I am not paid to stay away, as the men say. I have a small, a very small, income, but it keeps me going. The trouble has been that I ran into debt at home. Out here the outlook is wide. I will make a good partner, Miss Owen."

"Would you promise to be as faithful as you have been the past three weeks?"

"I'll promise anything if you'll let me stay," he retorted, with sudden recklessness, and Mollie at once discontinued the personal circuit.

II.

She took him at his word. Dewing was bought out the following week, and Crittenden became partner at the Upper Bend. Tacitly a new basis of friendship had been established between the two, however. He rarely came to the home ranch, but spent his time at the sheep camp. Mollie did not mind—not so very much.

One morning he rode back with a brown and yellow pansy in the buttonhole of his gray flannel shirt. The dusky petals reminded him of Mollie's eyes.

That evening Mollie went out in the moonlight and looked longingly up the valley toward the sheep camp, four miles away on the mountain side. She caught a glimpse of the possible future and bent to find another brown and yellow pansy, warming to her finger tips at her own thoughts.

Instead, she found Crittenden's latest letter from London, carefully folded as it had fallen from his pocket.

She sat down on the low stoop, chin on palm, weighing her love's worth. In the clear moonlight Lin Dewing found her there. Mollie barely listened while he explained how he had ridden fifteen miles out of his way to see her.

"It's on account of this here Crittenden you've taken in as partner, Mollie," he told her. "You've turned the whole thing over to him, and he's made a mess of it. The boys won't stand for him any more. They're riding tonight to clear him out of the valley, and Goldspur"—

"What are you talking about, Lin Dewing?" gasped Mollie hotly, crushing the letter in her hand. "You know he's never done a thing that was crooked!"

"He don't know the game nor the rules of sheep grazing. He's trespassed on cattle land. The boys will make him see light!"

"It isn't them—it's you, Lin Dewing!"

Mollie caught up a lantern and started on a run for the corral. After her went Lin, his horse following leisurely. Neither spoke. He knew what she meant to do. As she seized the bridle and saddle from their hooks he caught her arm.

"Don't be a fool, kid! You can't stop them now. What do you want with him anyhow? I only pushed you hard on the payments because I wanted you to have to ask me for help."

"Heaven help anybody who had to ask you for help! You let me go!"

"I won't. Yell, yell all you want to!"

Mollie tore her wrist from his grasp and whistled. Lin swung around at the answering barks, but the big wolfhounds were on him, and he went down like a worried fox.

"Watch him, Scraggs!" Mollie called. "Easy, Monk, just watch him! Don't let him get away!"

The pony was on its way before her right foot had caught the stirrup, and she bent low, laughing recklessly, every nerve on fire at the thought of what lay ahead. She knew Lin Dewing and his crowd of men. They would clean out the sheep camp without a qualm unless she could reach it in time to warn Crittenden and the herders.

So it happened that when the raiders rode over the rim of the foothill and looked down at the sheep, close huddled in the moonlight, they met a surprise. Mollie had begged for a revolver.

"It's half my property and half my fight," she told Crittenden. "I want to help."

He gave her one. There was barely time to get the saddle off her steaming pony and sling a blanket across its back before Dewing's men came, but even in those precious moments he had managed to make her understand what her coming meant to him.

But the fight was his own. Brief as it was a keener sense of enjoyment swept over him than he had known [illegible] years. He was fighting for more [illegible] Mollie's rights—for his own new [illegible] and ambitions.

When it was over he sent the [illegible] ers to look after the three silent [illegible] that lay on the moonlight splash[illegible] side and turned to Mollie. She[illegible] eyes and the great longing [illegible] and handed him the letter [illegible] blouse.

"I found it by the pansy [illegible] she told him with her o[illegible] "I didn't read it, but it [illegible] I thought that when we [illegible] nership you stopped a[illegible] thing."

"Yet you rode tonight [illegible] all the same!"

"To save the sheep," [illegible] lie, avoiding his eyes. "I [illegible] Lin may be chewed to [illegible] tries to get away from [illegible]

"I'm going with you, [illegible] den.

She turned at that, one [illegible] pony's back, her lips parte[illegible]

"But why?"

"Why?" He reached fo[illegible] denly. "Because I have t[illegible] mean to have from tonight! Your [illegible] were the spur that started me on the new road, Mollie. I've been trying to keep the trail since. That letter was only in answer to one of mine ordering the disposal of the property that brought me in the little income I told you of. I'm not going back any more, and I don't want any ties to hold me. Thank God, I can stand alone now!"

Mollie's lashes brushed his cheek.

"Not all alone, John!" she whispered.

FIRST WOMAN TO GET STATUE

Monument Was Erected Fifty Years Ago to a Brave Colonial Dame.

Admiring friends of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson are planning a memorial. Somebody suggests that this take the form of a statue—"the first statue of a woman to be reared in this country."

Only a few weeks after Nordica's death, it was said that a statue should be erected to the memory of that sweet singer. On that occasion it was also said that it would be the first statue to a woman in America.

But 217 years ago another American woman did something which not only deserved a statue, but got it. Haven't you ever heard of Hannah Dustin?

Captured by Indians at Haverhill, dragged from bed, where her one-week-old baby was promptly murdered, this hardy woman walked for days through snow and slush many miles and without shoes. She was destitute of everything except courage.

From a captive white boy she learned how to kill a human being with a single stroke of a tomahawk. So one night she and the lad slew ten sleeping Indians, scalped them, and fled back through the wilderness to their home.

Hannah Dustin carried the ten scalps to the governor of Massachusetts, and she received $250 for them. Just 50 years ago a statue was reared for her upon the island in the Merrimac river from which she had made her escape.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BATTLES SELDOM LAST LONG

Conflicts Usually Quickly Decided, Although There Are Some Exceptions to Be Noted.

The battle of the Aisne is almost sure to be the longest fight in the world's history.

In fact, most of the famous battles have lasted under a day, as the following list will show:

1813. Leipzig. Lasted three days. French beaten by Russian, Austrian and Prussian armies.

1815. Waterloo. Lasted eight hours. Napoleon finally beaten by British and Prussians.

1854. Alma. Lasted three and a half hours. British and French beat Russians.

1863. Gettysburg. Lasted three days. American Civil war. Indecisive battle.

1866. Sadowa. Lasted eight hours. Prussians beat Austrians.

1870. Sedan. Big fighting lasted 12½ hours. Prussians beat the French.

1870. Gravelotte. Lasted nine hours. Prussians beat French.

1905. Mukden. Lasted 18 days. Japanese beat Russians.

1912. Lule Burgas. Lasted four days. Balkan allies beat Turks.—Pearson's Weekly.

Whale Sought Liberty.

Thrills are by no means out of date in the New Zealand of today, and a few weeks back the workers in a sawmill at Whangaparapara were given an exhibition of the vigor that lies in a thwarted whale. One of these monsters of the deep, many of whom are seen about the coasts of the Dominion, where whaling was once a very profitable industry, recently found its way up one of the small harbors, and finally got inside the booms where the logs are kept for the saw mills. It seemed happy enough there for a while, till it suddenly discovered itself in enclosed water, and then the fight began. It lashed round and round in blind fury, sending huge bauri logs tumbling about like walking sticks, and then cleared a passage and made off full speed ahead for the open sea. Unfortunately for itself, it drove head on against a pile, and the blow stunned it so that it was stranded on the beach.

Not Taught to Spell in Austria.

The search for information on the pronunciation of some of the strange-spelled towns involved in the European situation has brought some facts to throw light on the public policies followed by the Austrians towards their subject to them. In this city, a well appearing, well-to-do subject of Austria-Hungary was applying to a man who wanted some money-breaking words pronounced for him. The Austrian did not seem an ignorant man. He could English, but he confessed that he no help. "I might ask one of the town if I like," he said, "but I can't trust the spelling. You were not taught to spell at school, now nothing that will help me." Indiana Record.

...g If True.

...estville, Conn., says he took a pumpkin seed and carved and cut his name ...on it. He planted the seed and when a pumpkin grew the name and date were on it ...s. As the pumpkin grew ...e and letters enlarged in proportion. The pumpkin weighs 63 pounds and the letters and date are raised on it.—Boston Globe.

Manufactures in New York.

The manufacturing establishments in the borough of Manhattan number 19,769; in Brooklyn, 55,218; in Queens, 7771. These plants employ the following numbers of wage-earners: Manhattan, 399,791; Brooklyn, 123,883; Queens, 23,891.

QUALITIES OF TRUE COURAGE

Subject Worthy of More Consideration Than Is Generally Given It—Think It Over.

Is the bison on the railroad track waiting for the locomotive a courageous bison? He thinks so. But he does not know what is going to happen, and, therefore, he is more foolish than courageous.

What is courage? asks the Los Angeles Herald.

To die in battle, with the band playing, excitement high, and when you probably could not run away if you wanted to—is that courage?

If it is courageous to save a drowning child with a thousand looking on to admire you, how much more courageous is it to do the same thing with nobody looking on?

If a hundred men should show their courage before a crowd, what percentage would show the same courage with no crowd?

Which is the higher courage, risking your life to gain applause or doing what you believe to be right, although you know everybody will despise you for doing it?

Does it take more courage to enlist in the army and be killed for your country than it does to work six days every week for a small salary, bring back all of the money and give it to your wife for the children on Saturday?

What is courage? Think it over.

WAS FIRST MISSOURI TOWN

French Settlers Founded Des Peres Thirty-Five Years Before Ste. Genevieve.

Although Ste. Genevieve generally is held as the first white settlement in Missouri, it is probable that French settlers lived within the present state limits 35 years before Ste. Genevieve was founded.

The very first settlement, it is supposed, was Des Peres, at the mouth of a creek by that name about six miles south of St. Louis. It was founded by Jesuits. Austin, in 1797 quizzed the oldest inhabitants at Kaskaskia. They had heard, from their parents, of Des Peres. Beck takes this view in his gazetteer of Missouri.

The settlers found Des Peres unhealthy and moved across the river and 25 miles south. Later they went to Kaskaskia. Credit is given to the story by the fact that a Roman coin, found on Des Peres creek, was given to Governor Clark in early territorial days.

Penicaut, a carpenter on Le Sueur's expedition in 1700, notes a Canadian settlement at the mouth of Saline creek in Missouri.

All Women Nurses.

Every woman, or at least almost every woman, wrote Florence Nightingale, has, at one time or another of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid—in other words, every woman is a nurse. Every day sanitary knowledge or the knowledge of nursing, or, in other words, of how to put the constitution in such a state as that it will have no disease or that it can recover from disease, takes a higher place. It is recognized as the knowledge which every one ought to have—distinct from medical knowledge, which only a profession can have.

If, then, every woman must at some time or other in her life become a nurse—namely, have charge of somebody's health—how immense and how valuable would be the product of her united experience if every woman would think how to nurse.

Penalty of Politeness.

The woman was aged, feeble and leaned heavily on a thick cane as she moved slowly along. She hesitated as she approached the crossing at Fourth and Jefferson streets. A young man of excellent appearance and gentlemanly manner, assuming that she feared to cross, touched her gently on the arm, and, cap in hand, volunteered to conduct her over. The kindness met with dire results.

The old woman straightened up slightly and wagged the big stick menacingly.

"Get out of here, ye bold scallywag," she said. "Sure a lady can't walk the street without you mashers is after 'em. Get along wit' ye!"

The young man retreated in confusion.—Louisville Times.

Europe's Population.

People are in the habit of thinking of China as the most densely populated land in all the world. The great loss of life which usually attends floods in China helps to maintain this idea. Few people realize that Europe's population is slightly denser than that of China.

According to census, the inhabitants of China number 439,000,000. As China is about one-tenth larger than Europe, the density of population of the two slightly favors Europe.

Language Made in Germany.

I was once sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Boppard, on the Rhine, when the commanding officer of the garrison of Ehrenbreitstein drove up in a motorcar. He pointed to a sign bearing the word "Garage" and said that if the word were not changed he would place that hotel out of bounds for all his officers and for all the men of his garrison. Next day there appeared on the sign the word 'Kraftwageneinstellraum" (power-wagon-standing-in-room). — London Outlook.

GIDEON, THE MAN OF GOOD COURAGE

Judges 6:11-40—Jan. 17.

A Logical Man—A Strong Character. Too Humble For Self-Confidence. Faith After Proof—Hospitality Rewarded—Daring and Doing For God. Faith Growing Seeks Fresh Proofs.

"Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest."—Psalm 65:4.

ALTHOUGH the Scriptures tell us that not many rich, wise and strong are chosen of the Lord for His work, we may be sure that this is not that they would be unacceptable, but because their wisdom, riches, strength, usually make them too self-confident and not sufficiently reliant on the Lord. To Gideon, a stalwart young Israelite, the angel of the Lord was sent with a message. His salutation was, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." With excellent logic Gideon replied, "Why, if the Lord be with us, hath all this befallen us? and where be all His miracles, of which our fathers told us?"

The Midianites and other nomadic people of the East, discerning that Canaan was very fertile, repeatedly invaded it, confiscating much of the product of the land. On this very occasion Gideon was threshing out a few sheaves of wheat, fearing to have a customary threshing, lest the Midianites should rob them.

Gideon's Gift received as a sacrifice.

The angel was not there to discuss theology, but to inspire Gideon and to make him the Lord's messenger in Israel's deliverance. The man's humility shines out in his protest that his family was one of the poorer of Manasseh, and that he himself was inferior to his brethren. But the angel replied, "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man."

Israel's Unfaithfulness.

When we remember the Divine promise to defend Israel and to protect their interests, which were all earthly, we should also remember that this protection was dependent upon their maintenance of heart-loyalty and faithfulness to God. The Lord had assured them in advance that if they wandered into idolatry He would bring upon them various adversities—their enemies should reap their crops, etc. Thus we may know the answer to Gideon's question. The Israelites had not been faithful to their Covenant, made with God through their Mediator Moses at Mt. Sinai.

A proof of this unfaithfulness is found in our lesson. Gideon's father was caretaker of the groves of Baal and Ashteroth. Their images were apparently on his property. These groves were large posts, significant of honor, erected near the image. Here was the secret of Israel's subjection to the Midianites.

Gideon's Great Courage Manifested.

The night following, the Lord made a further revelation to Gideon, instructing him to destroy the idols upon the property, to overthrow the altar of Baal and to build an altar to Jehovah, to kill one of his father's bullocks and to make therewith a burnt offering unto the Lord, using for the purpose the wooden pole, or "groove," which formerly did honor to Baal. The work was accomplished in the night; for his father, his brethren and the villagers would have stoutly resisted, had they known of the work. Gideon was very courageous when he knew that he had been called of the Lord.

Conviction that our work is of Divine authority is a power in any heart. This is part of the lack today—lack of faith in God and failure to recognize a mission that is of God. Much of the preaching, praying and good endeavors are, therefore, formalistic. From such we turn away, as St. Paul directed.—2 Timothy 3:5.

The Seven Years' old Bullock a sacrifice to Jehovah.

When the villagers traced the matter to Gideon, they called upon his father to deliver him to death; but the father wisely inquired whether a god of mighty power would need to be defended. If Baal could not defend himself, he could not defend Israel. The argument was potent. Meantime Gideon sent messengers to the various tribes, and thirty thousand volunteers responded to give battle to the Midianites.

Further Proofs of Divine Favor Asked by Gideon.

As fresh evidence that he was doing the Divine will, Gideon requested of the Lord that a wool fleece laid out all night might be thoroughly wet with dew, while the ground about it might be dry. The Lord granted the proof. Then Gideon reversed the test, and asked that the ground might be wet with dew and the fleece be dry. This also was granted.

But it would not be proper for us to make similar tests. We have the Scriptures—records of God's favor and of the Lord Jesus. The Lord would have us walk by faith in the lessons already taught, and not by sights and signs of our own times.

THINGS YOU HAVE ALWAYS WISHED TO KNOW.

Correspondence School courses are yearly becoming more popular. Learning in a condensed form is the order of the day. Here you have it. Read the list and send in the coupon.

"Calamities—Why Permitted."
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"Gathering the Lord's Jewels."
"What Is the Soul?"
"Immortal Worms, Unquenchable Fire."
"Worry Will Surely Kill."
"When God Was Alone."
"The Beginning of God's Creation."
"Prince Lucifer Now Prince of Demons."
"Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."
"Social Ills Beyond Man's Power."
"The Battle of Armageddon."
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Upon receipt of the above coupon we will send any one of these Bible Studies FREE; any three of them for 5 cents (stamps) or the entire 18 for 10 cents. SEND AT ONCE TO BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY, 17 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What "S O S" Means.

In talking with the wireless operator many ship passengers ask the meaning of the three letters used in the distress signal, "S O S." There seems to be a general opinion that the letters are the abbreviation of three separate words with a definite meaning. Persons of an imaginative trend will tell you that the letters stand for "Save our ship," "Send out succor," "Sink or swim" or some such meaning. The letters signify nothing but that a ship is in distress and in need of assistance. The call is used by all nations as a universal code, so that any wireless operator, regardless of the language he speaks, can immediately intercept the call of distress. Inasmuch as the call is in use by all countries, it can be seen that the signal can have no meaning in any language. The character of the code makes it a call that can be picked out easily from other signals, being composed of three dots, three dashes, three dots.—Ocean Wireless News

The Way to Boston.

Earlier in the day he had been sixteen miles from Boston. He was now only eleven miles away. The condition of his pockets was such that there was no way for him to reach the city without further wear on his shoes. Several automobiles had rushed past him toward the city, but although he had looked at them appealingly, the drivers had made no sign that they were willing to help the footsore pedestrian.

He grew a little bitter as he put one foot up and the other foot down on the dusty road. Finally he was hailed by the driver of a car that bore a Pennsylvania license number.

"Hey, there, do you know the way to Boston?"

"Yes, I do. Just follow me. I am going there."

The driver grinned. The tramper reached Boston in twenty minutes.—Youth's Companion.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get fo the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE

Crider's Stone Bl'dg

High Street,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Federal Reserve Banks.

The Federal Reserve system will not make a good bank out of a bad one, but it gives added strength to every well managed institution.

We are still receiving subscriptions in aid of the helpless sufferers in Europe.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL

LUMBER

Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

—— AND ——

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.05
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.24
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.08
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.26
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.46
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
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EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME! Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Here and There.

Mrs. Cyrus Labe departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia.

Louis Schad departed last Saturday for Philadelphia.

Mrs. O. P. Bell, of Sunbury, is a guest of Mrs. A. G. Morris.

A. Kessler, of Millheim, transacted business in town on Tuesday.

R. B. Taylor transacted business in Harrisburg on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Twitmire spent Sunday with friends in Altoona.

Frederick Reynolds returned on Sunday to his studies at Princeton University.

Miss Harriet Bullock was an arrival home from Baltimore on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland, of Boalsburg, were shopping visitors in town on Monday.

Miss Vivian Jonan, of New York, was an arrival here today to visit with Miss Sallie Fitzgerald.

John R. Williams, of near Howard, was a genial visitor in town between trains yesterday.

Fred Craft entertained with a stag party in his apartments on High Street one evening this week.

Wilson Tate, of Curwensville, visited here several days the past week with his nephew, Dr. H. W. Tate.

Mrs. Sarah Hoover, of Loveville, is visiting in Philipsburg with her brothers, Michael and Paul Magwire.

Mr. and Mrs. George Potter, of Baltimore, spent several days this week at the home of Colonel and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds.

Robert K. Alexander, of Birmingham, some years ago a resident of Pleasant Gap, greeted numerous old friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fay and daughter, Pattie, of Altoona, visited here over Sunday with Mrs. Fay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lane.

Mrs. Herman Haupt, who had been visiting with friends in Tyrone for a time, returned last Thursday to her home in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Levi, of Lock Haven, visited over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Theodore Cherry, on Thomas Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Musser, of State College, were in Tyrone on Thursday of last week in attendance upon the funeral of the late Mrs. Marshall Musser.

Mrs. Thomas Dubbs, of near Philipsburg, has been quite ill lately, suffering from an internal affection which is giving her family and friends no little concern.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz has been spending several days in town this week, attending to a few business matters and greeting home friends.

J. Montgomery Ward, of Brooklyn, familiarly known here as "Monty", and nowadays a Federal League magnate, spent Sunday in Bellefonte with his aunt Mrs. Priscilla Bell.

Rev. John Hewitt, who has been located at Erie since leaving Bellefonte, has accepted a call to Coldwater, Michigan, to which place he will remove in the near future.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings was an arrival from Harrisburg last Saturday, coming to see Mrs. Shelden, who has been seriously ill at the Bush House. She is stopping with Mrs. J. L. Spangler.

Grant Hoover, of Williamsport, a hustling figure in the insurance world, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday and while here found time to greet his numerous old home friends.

Stanley Valentine, son of Postmaster and Mrs. H. C. Valentine, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the hospital on Tuesday morning, from which he rallied nicely and is now on the way to rapid recovery.

Joseph Apt, one of the bright young clerks at the Katz & Co. store, was taken suddenly ill on Wednesday morning and after physicians had made an examination they ordered his removal to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rees and little daughter are visiting at the home of Mr. Rees' parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rees. Mrs. William Rees and her daughter will likely make Bellefonte their home temporarily, since they have about concluded to remove from Patton. Mr. Rees will be here more or less while engaged in settling up the affairs of the Donnelly estate.

Business is none too brisk these days with dealers large and small. Everybody is being affected in one way or another. There is no politics in this statement. It is merely preliminary to calling your attention to the fact that James E. Solt, the shoe repairer, wants and needs your work. He is not asking it as a matter of charity, but strictly as a matter of business. He does first-class work repairing shoes, boots, etc., and just now when work is slack he is particularly anxious to have enough work on hand to be busy six days in the week. He has been a resident of Bellefonte all his life and since he is pretty badly crippled he is, of course, somewhat handicapped. However, he is able to do the very best kind of repair work, so if you have anything in his line he will appreciate your orders.

Mrs. Edward Hill, of Sunbury, visited in town with friends on Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Knisely was an arrival home on Sunday from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Robert M. Beach was an arrival home Tuesday evening from Harrisburg.

J. Mac Curtin, of Pittsburgh, visited here with Mrs. Curtin and the children over Sunday.

Mrs. James C. Williams, of State College, was a shopping visitor in town on Monday.

A. C. Thomas, of near Waddle, greeted friends in town between trains last Saturday.

Colonel Hugh S. Taylor on Tuesday celebrated his forty-sixth birthday anniversary.

Mrs. James B. Lane entertained with a family dinner on Friday evening last, at six o'clock.

Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell is in Indianapolis for a visit of two or three weeks with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Beezer were arrivals home Tuesday night from Philadelphia and New York.

Mrs. C. L. Arnold was an arrival here on Monday to visit with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis.

All of the young folks injured in last week's unfortunate coasting accident are reported to be getting along nicely.

Miss Gertrude Greiner and her mother, who had been visiting here with Mrs. H. W. Tate, returned this week to their home in Benezette.

Harold Gardner went to State College on Monday to work in the Experimental Station until the next semester, at which time he will be engaged in teaching.

Mrs. Witcraft departed on Friday of last week for Pittsburgh, after spending the holiday season here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Beezer.

Mrs. Rachel Harris accompanied Mrs. Joseph Harris and the latter's two children to Washington on Monday, to visit with her son and Mrs. Charles Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Shelden and infant son, of Glenbrook, Conn., spent Sunday and Monday with the former's mother, Mrs. Nora Shelden, at the Bush House.

Mrs. Claude Cook, who was so painfully injured in last week's coasting accident has recovered so nicely that on Tuesday she was able to sit in a chair for a short time.

Among the number attending the funeral of the late Senator J. K. P. Hall, at Ridgeway last Saturday, were Judge Orvis, P. Gray Meek, Colonel Hugh S. Taylor and John Noll, of Bellefonte, and Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of The Pennsylvania State College.

The condition of Martin Kane, of this place, who has been undergoing treatment in Philadelphia for some time, is said to have taken a turn for the worse and is now such that it is feared he cannot recover. He is at the home of his brother Charles, in Philadelphia.

The strong basket ball team of Altoona will play with the the Bellefonte Academy five at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on Saturday evening, next, at 8.45 o'clock. This will be the opening game of the season for the Academy and a close contest is looked for.

D. H. Shivery, oneof Centre County's best known farmers, on Wednesday purchased the Reynolds farm, adjoining the Shivery farm and at present tenanted by George Tibbens. The Reynolds farm comprises about 190 acres. It will be farmed by Andrew Shivery, son of D. H. Shivery.

George H. Yarnell, of Walker township, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday. He has never witnessed the inauguration of a Governor and is contemplating going to Harrisburg to see Governor Brumbaugh sworn in on Tuesday of next week. A number of local Republicans will likely make the trip.

Samuel Einsohn, one of the very efficient members of the corps at the Lyon & Co. store, returned home last week from New York, where he enjoyed Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Einsohn, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary during the holiday season.

In regard to the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals thanks are also extended the people of Snow Shoe, who purchased 1000 seals; to Frnak Wetzler of Milesburg, for not returning any of the lot turned over to him and to Mr. Boal, of Boalsburg, for his splendid services. Miss Helen R. C. Overton, chairman of the selling campaign, particularly is deserving of thanks for her enthusiastic efforts to make it such a splendid success.

Joseph Nolan will move April 1st from one of the Schad properties on Reynolds Avenue to a house on Lamb Street, near Spring. Mrs. Abbie Rockey, of Zion, has bought one of the Jacob Marks properties on East Bishop Street and will occupy it April 1st. The property is occupied by Robert Kline who will move across the street into the property now occupied by the Showers family. William Houser, now living in Bush Addition, will move into the Harvey Shaeffer property opposite the United Evangelical church. Mrs. Julia Walsh, who some time ago removed to New York, will return and again occupy her property on East High Street. Mrs. Mollie Payne will move from this property to a house on the opposite side of the hill.

Morris Cowdrick Dead.

Morris Cowdrick, until some years ago a well known resident of Bellefonte, died at Niagara Falls on Monday. His death was due to a general breaking down of the system incident to advanced age. He was in his 83d year. The remains will be brought to Bellefonte tonight and interment made Friday morning at 10 o'clock from the Methodist Episcopal church, of which the deceased was for many years a member. Surviving are these children: William, Edward and Patrick, also Mrs. Hamilton Otto, of Syracuse N. Y. and Mrs. Peter Roemiser, of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Cowdrick was engaged as a contractor and builder during the greater part of his life, and many buildings in this section of the State were erected under his supervision.

Mrs. William Clark Dead.

Mrs. William Clark, a highly esteemed resident of Point Lookout, near Philipsburg, died on New Year's morning after an extended illness. She was a native of Staffordshire, England, and at the time of death was aged 84 years. For seventy years she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. She married William Clark in England and removed with him to this country about thirty years ago. Her husband preceded her to the grave about fifteen years ago. Surviving the deceased are these children: John Clark at home; Mrs. James Story, of Cumberland, Md.; Mrs. George Nichols, and Albert, of Troy: Mrs. Thomas White, of Philipsburg; Mrs. John Hartley, Mrs. Harry Ellis and William Clark, of Point Lookout. Two brothers, James Everson, of Chester Hill and Thomas Everson, of Pottsville, along with two sisters in England, also survive.

Mrs. Oscar Harvey Daed.

Mrs. Oscar A. Harvey of State College, died at the White Haven sanitarium on Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock of tuberculosis. Mrs. Harvey was a daughter of Andrew (deceased) and Mrs. Rachel Glenn. She was aged 29 years. Early in life she united with the Catholic church at Bellefonte and will be buried from there on Friday morning at 9 o'clock, services to be conducted by Rev. P. McArdle. Interment at the Catholic cemetery here.

Surviving to mourn her death are the following brothers: William D., Charles, Andrew, of Cleveland, Ohio; Jerry, of Curtin; John, of Tyrone; Edward, Fort Brancus, Florida.

Has Foot and Mouth Disease.

Carlisle S. Lentz, of Omaha, Neb., a student at a medical school in Baltimore, Md., has developed a case of foot and mouth disease. It is supposed he contracted the disease from drinking the milk of an infected cow. This is one of the first cases on record in Baltimore of a human being taken ill with this particular disease.

Mrs. F. F. Wilcox Dead.

Mrs. Maud Evans Wilcox, wife of Dr. F. F. Wilcox, died at her late home at Pittsburgh, North side, on Friday, January 8th, at 6.50 o'clock, P. M., from pneumonia. Funeral services were held from the late home on Monday evening and the remains were removed to Potters Mills for interment on Tuesday.

Mrs. Anna Auman died at the home of her son, Herbert, on East High Street, on Wednesday night after an extended illness from cancer.

Ancestry of the Hen.

Darwin believed that our domestic fowls are descended from the jungle fowls of India. As other authorities have sometimes disputed his view, the statement of Charles William Beebe, curator of ornithology at the New York zoological park, is especially interesting: "After studying all four species of feral Gallus in their native haunts as well as many examples of natural and artificial hybridizing and reviewing the evidence from all points of view I can find no reason to attribute the ancestry of all varieties of our domestic fowls to other than the red jungle fowl of India."

Inquisitive.

"Yes, Henry writes very good letters from college. They show a strong thirst for knowledge. He never writes without asking for information."

"That's fine. What does he ask?"

"He always asks, 'When are you going to send me some more money?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All the Same.

The "horny handed" calls what he lives on "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a landowner "rent roll," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same in the end.—London Scraps.

To Avoid Worry.

If you would avoid worry train yourself to be methodical and to act up to the good old maxim of never putting off till tomorrow what can be done today.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.32

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	$1.20
Wheat, red	$1.25
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.70
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.70
Oats, (per bu.)	.50
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

Mrs. Kate Horner Dead.

Mrs. Kate Horner, a life-long resident of Centre Hall, died last Saturday morning at 3 o'clock at the age of 81 years at the home of her son, C. H. Horner, at Altoona. She had been ill for over a year and failed rapidly during the last six months. She was born in Snyder county, October 13, 1833. She was married sixty-one years ago to William W. Horner, who died May 5, 1897, at his home in Centre Hall. Mr. Horner, of Altoona, is the only surviving member of a family of eight children. Deceased was a member of the First Lutheran church at Centre Hall all her life. She is survived by three sisters: Miss Mary Hoofnagle, Reedsville; Mrs. Malinda Raugh, of Lewistown; and Mrs. Rebecca Smith, Snyder county. The body was taken to her late home on Monday morning. Funeral services were held at 3 o'clock in the Presbyterian church, followed by interment in Centre Hall cemetery.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children, 50c a box at all stores.

Important Church Decision.

Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, in the Allegheny County common pleas court last Friday, dismissed two suits of trustees of the Grant Street Reformed Presbyterian church on the ground that the civil courts have no jurisdiction to decide church temporal affairs and even if the decision of the church court was unjust the civil courts cannot interfere. The suits were brought by A. B. Scott and Alexander McDowell, who declared they were excluded from the church through a conspiracy of the defendants.

Grows Largest Pumpkin.

Naomi Trick, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Trick, of Hughesville, has been awarded a gold watch for growing the largest pumpkin in the United States. The award was made by the Children's Flower Mission of Cleveland, O., the watch being received by her this week. The pumpkin weighed 179 pounds. Eighteen hundred children, representing nearly every state in the union, were entered in the contest.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance

At Philipsburg Hospital.

The Philipsburg Journal of last Friday said: Mrs. John Hay and daughter, of Pleasant Gap, are guests at the home of Reuben Lucas at 223 North Centre street. Mrs. Hay brought her daughter here for treatment at the Cottage State hospital.

Skipped His Board Bill.

A constable from Williamsburg came to Bellefonte this week and took charge of John Ferral, a foreigner, charged with skipping a board bill at the former place. Ferral was picked up here last Saturday by Chief of Police Dukeman.

For Sale Cheap

One 1½ H. P. Keystone

Gasoline Engine

GARBRICK BROS.

Bellefonte, - - Pa.

Office at Big Spring Both Phone

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa

COMMERCIAL PHONE

FORCED SALE

OF

Wall Paper
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High Street - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE JANUARY SALE

Now comes that better-than-ever

January Clearance Sale

It begins January 7th with an array of big values that represent unusual savings.

The January Clearance is on the calendar---it starts in the morning and in a greater and more attractive way than before.

It's hardly necessary to remind you that fall business was a bit "off"---you've experienced it in your own business--most every man has.

That condition makes our stocks larger than they should be at this season of the year---makes lower prices than usual necessary---and we've met the condition in a way you'll appreciate.

We've determined upon a policy that does not permit "doing things by halves"---the price reductions will be decisive and instant---you should act on them instantly.

$30	Suits	or	Overcoats	now	$22.50
$28	"	"	"	"	$21.00
$25	"	"	"	"	$18.75
$22	"	"	"	"	$16.50
$20	"	"	"	"	$15.00
$18	"	"	"	"	$13.50
$15	"	"	"	"	$11.25
$12	"	"	"	"	$ 9.00

This an absolutely cash sale, and no goods will be charged at these prices.

Montgomery & Co.